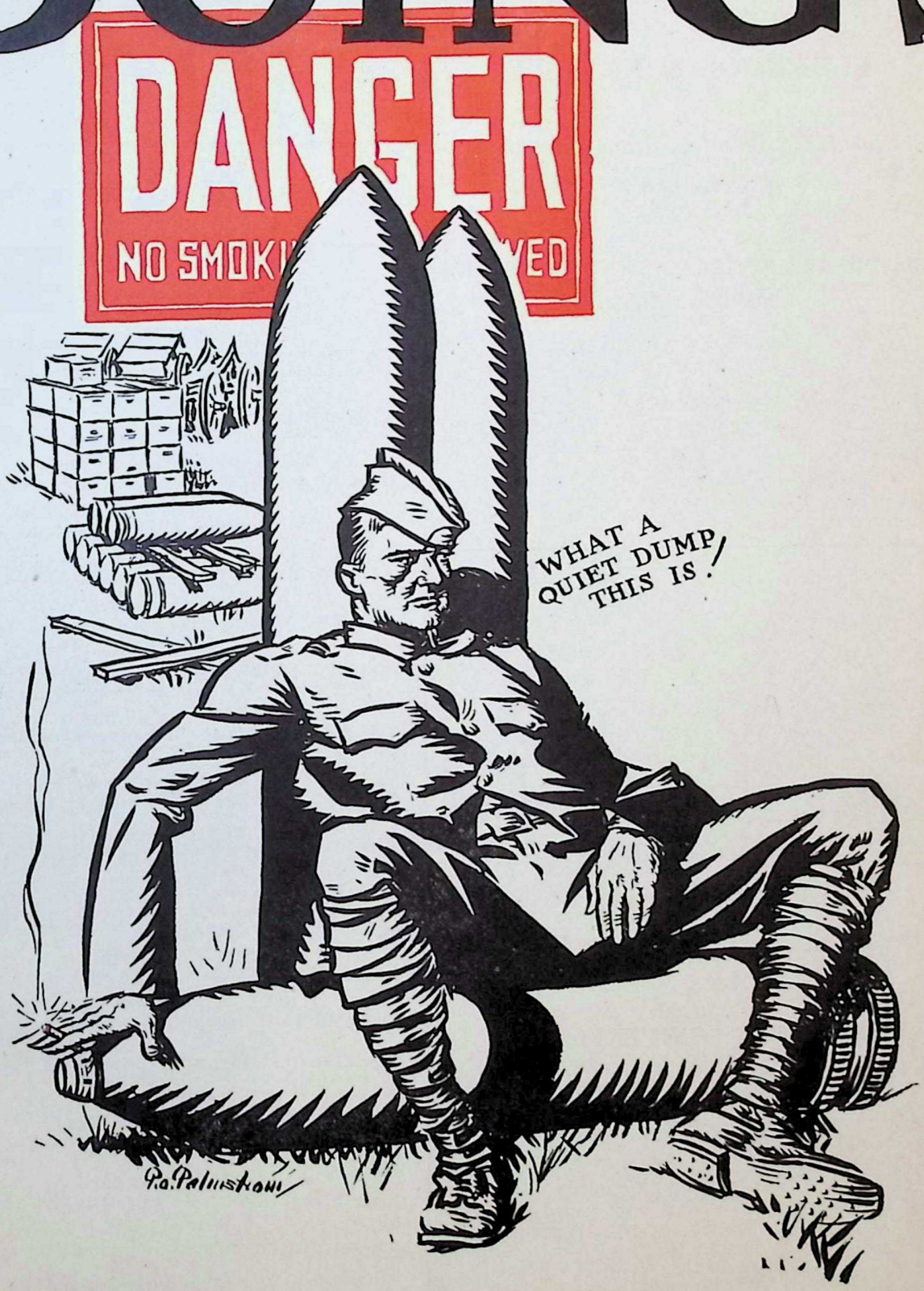
YANKEE DOINGS



VOL. IX, NO. 2 | YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION | FEBRUARY, 1928

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This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.

YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

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ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Send all communications to the Editor

Entered as second class matter February 20, 1922, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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One dollar of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in before the First

THE VICTORY MEDAL

Some men are just naturally hounds for collecting medals. Others don't give a hoot for all the hardware in the universe. Judging by the number of kicks registered because of the delay in the arrival of the Verdun medals, the former group are in the majority.

There is one medal to which every man who served in the armed forces of the United States at any time between April 6, 1917 and November 11, 1918 is entitled—the Victory Medal. Over 4,000,000 men are entitled to this medal, yet barely 25 per cent of that number have ever made application. It is something that every soldier and sailor of the World War should have. The man who does not care for the medal himself must realize what its possession will mean to his children and to their children. We of the Yankee Division ought to be particularly eager to own this medal, for ours is one of the few divisions entitled to five battle clasps, one for each major engagement, and one for a defensive sector. Men of our division who are still in the service wear the service ribbon with five stars representing the five clasps.

If you have neglected to apply for your Victory Medal, the next time you are in the Club ask BILL SNYDER (M) for an application form. He will be glad to fill it out for you. Or one will be sent you by mail upon your request.

HISTORY DE-BUNKED

By Fuller P. Nard

Historical bosh concerning George Wash'—
The gospel we got in the grades—
Is plumb out of date, I'm present to state,
And spades are now listed as spades.

It seems Rupert Hughes ignited the fuse,
Exploding the frame-up as phoney;
Our national hero's no cake-eating zero,
That line was a lot of boloney.

Political screechers and Sunday School teachers
Are citing said Hughes for the chair.
My verdict on Rupert: He isn't so stupid;
In fact I've a hunch he is there.

For what a relief from our everyday grief
To learn the old boy was a wow;
To flick off the rust, and find that he cussed
Like any good soldier. And how!

A sociable gent wherever he went,
The bird was a buddy, says Hughes.
So totally human he'd heard tell of woman
And music and maybe of booze.

The legends were not (as I see it) so hot.
They libelled him when he went West.
So this year let's drink to a regular gink—
A bozo with hair on his chest.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE YD CLUB OF BOSTON

The Ninth Annual Meeting of the YD Club of Boston will be held at the Clubhouse on Wednesday evening, March 14, 1928, at 8.00 P.M.

This meeting affords every active member of the Club an opportunity to voice his opinions and to offer any suggestions for the welfare of the Club.

Turn out strong and show the officers of your organization that you appreciate the hard work they do all through the year to further your comfort and pleasure.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE YD CLUB OF BOSTON

The following men were elected by the YD Club of Boston, at its Annual Preparatory Meeting, January 11, to serve as a Nominating Committee: EDGAR A. ERLANDSON (M) (101st Engrs.); ARTHUR C. HAVLIN (M) (102nd M. G. Bn.); LEO P. LANDRY (M) (101st Inf.); THOMAS MARLEY (M) (104th Inf.); and JAMES MCGREGOR (M) (101st F. Sig. Bn.).

FULLER BACK AGAIN

DOINGS welcomes the distinguished Fuller P. Nard, Esq. back to the fold. Long may he wave.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

What did the average soldier get out of the war beside thirty bucks a month and a victory medal? Answers differ. Perhaps the most common is—a new sense of values.

* * * * *

We value men differently; less for what they have, more for what they do; less for what they seem, more for what they are. We value the institutions of our country differently; less as a matter of course, more as a personal responsibility; less as something outside and beyond ourselves, more as something within and a part of ourselves. Opportunities and advantages which we had accepted as of divine right we found rested upon our own ability and will to uphold them. A conception of "the government" as some remote, self-perpetuating organization gave place to a picture of a great, free people in whose own hands lay its destiny. Above all came consciousness of power and the desire to exercise it.

* * * * *

Despite his assumed cynicism, your ex-soldier is the purest idealist on earth. Don't call him that, if you value your life. But take our word for it. He is quick to perceive injustice, and zealous in his efforts to uproot it. His instincts are all for fair play and no favorites; his method is direct action. In a day when governments and powers are fettered with an incubus of guile, red tape and diplomatic ritual, and justice is subject to the hazards of clever technicalities, this unerring sense of fairness, backed by this passion for results, not methods, comes as a refreshing force. To the veteran, if a thing is right, hurrah for it; if it is wrong, to hell with it. Let's decide how affairs should be and let's put it across. If others feel differently about it, they're S. O. L. The spirit of Mussolini. Well and good. There are worse things than a good dictatorship. But if we want a dictatorship, let's first scrap the Constitution. And let's not forget this. Technically a desire to substitute dictatorship for democracy is as patently treason as the desire to substitute communism. The results might be—probably would be—less direful, but either substitution implies class rule.

* * * * *

A democracy is founded on two things: the rule of the majority and the rights of the minority. The first is proclaimed from the housetops, the second is often overlooked. Yet they are of equal importance. The authors of the Constitution saw to that. Just for an example—we might have chosen any one of a score. There are advocates of scrapping our national defense. To us that program seems not only palpably unsound but criminally hazardous. They haven't a leg to stand on, we say. Their arguments are weak and fallacious. Yet—and why is it—we much prefer to silence them than to refute those unsound arguments with our own good ones.

* * * * *

Of course there are limits to free speech. No man must be allowed to undermine the government. But we are speaking merely of sincere differences of opinion as to how that government can best function. Let us give the other fellow the chance which we ourselves claim. If his notions are false, we can rely upon the majority to know it. This old nation of ours is still pretty level headed. It isn't easily led far astray. The rule of reason is far safer than the rule of suppression. Veteran bodies—or any other bodies—which seek to prevent some poor, misguided, half-baked crank from blowing off steam would do far better to call his bluff with some good common sense. To gag him acknowledges fear of defeat and places a pretty low estimate on the intelligence of our fellow countrymen.

* * * * *

Voltaire once said something to this effect: "I would gladly die upholding the right of my bitterest opponent to entertain and express his own views." There is the very essence of the purest form of democracy.

* * * * *

Think it over.

TEN YEARS AGO

HEADQUARTERS 26th DIVISION
American Expeditionary Force

SECRET
Field Orders
No. 1.

February 3, 1918.

1. Pursuant to instructions from G. H. Q. and arrangements made with the French authorities, this division will be placed under the tactical command of the French 11th Corps for training in trench warfare of all divisional elements in units smaller than a brigade, during a period of about thirty days.

2. The Division, (less artillery detachments already designated) will move by rail and road from the Neufchateau area to a new training area (to be announced later), in accordance with attached time table.

3. Duration of the journey—about two days.

7. Transportation units will be at entraining stations five hours before the departure of their respective railway trains and will report to the entraining officer on arrival. Troops will arrive at the station one hour before the departure of their respective trains.

15. Divisional Headquarters will close at Neufchateau at 12 o'clock, noon, February 8th, and open at Couvrelles the same hour and date.

By command of Major General Edwards:

CASSIUS M. DOWELL,
Lieut. Col., General Staff,
Chief of Staff

HISTORY OF BATTERY A, 101st F. A.

A number of copies of the History of Battery A, 101st Field Artillery, are on sale at the YD Club. The price is $3.50. The book is a good value and is one which should be in the library of any man who is making a collection of 26th Division histories.

"TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING"

By Everett H. Caswell (M) (H Co., 101st Inf.)

A beautiful spring afternoon in 1918 found the boys of the company lined up in the town of Ansauville with packs made up, ready for the command, "Forward, March." The Company had been in this town some three days after being relieved from Siecheprey, and rumor had it that we were going back to the Divisional reserve for a rest—which was badly needed. We had heard so many times before about the rests we were going to get that very little stock was taken in this rumor. The general comment was, "When we get to a place where we can rest I will believe it. You see, when we get started, if we don't get column left and head towards the front again. Ya, and if we do go back the only rest we will prob'l'y get will be leaning on a shovel between filling holes." Such was the general line of talk on this May afternoon in 1918.

The Company started at last, and contrary to the general belief, the column started away from the line rather than towards it. "Gee, I guess we are going back," someone piped up from the rear of the line.

But the answer came back, "Ah, don't be foolish, this is some new way up to a different front."

The Company wended its way across a field and into the woods. As the direction was still to the rear the spirit of the gang began to pick up and presently all were singing, those songs we all know—that were never sung in the Y.M.C.A. huts.

After a time that seemed like two hours, but no doubt was nearer an hour, the singing was punctuated by remarks such as, "Who's leadin' this Army?—Are we going to rest or are we going to a fire?—Hey, regulations say march 50 minutes and rest 10, we have gone 2 hours already—Hey, up there, what's the rush?—If you have gone dumb, give the hand signal, we know what it means."

All these remarks were directed towards the one in command, but due care was taken that they were not loud enough for him to hear.

Presently the command was given to halt and fall out, and the men fell out, lying back on their packs or taking them off entirely. After a few minutes rest the boys felt better and here and there the barber shop quartets burst into song, and would-be harmony. Ten minutes later the Company again got under way with the gang singing here and there. After about the third rest the singing died out and in its place could be heard remarks such as these: "Watch out where you are going—What's the matter with you, can't you stay over where you belong?—Hey, listen, if you don't cut out bumping against me I'll wind this rifle around your neck—Get up where you belong or I'll kick you in the shins," and many more that come out when troops begin to get tired. This continued long after nightfall.

About this time definite information was received that we were going to a town by the name of Vertuzey, which brought down another barrage: "If we don't get there damn quick, here's one soldier that will be missing—Ya, and if we don't get somewhere within the next five minutes, here's another—What's the matter with a rest, up there?—Ah, let's keep a'going, if I stop now I'll drop, and that's where I'll stay!" This continued until long after midnight, when the Company came upon a halted truck train. Questions were asked fast and furiously, such as: "What outfit?—I bet you guys get tired hiking on those trucks—I'll swap jobs."

Presently from somewhere in the column was asked, "Hey, Buddie, how far is Vertuzey?"—which brought the reply, "Vertuzey!—Hell, you guys are going in the wrong direction."—"How far is it?"—"About 15 kilometers, but its back the other way."

Apparently the one leading the column got the same information, because two column rights were executed, which started the outfit back the way they had come.

The first streaks of daylight found the Company still on the road or at least what was left of it; just plodding along on grit. About two hours after daylight the town could be sighted and when finally reached the Company was straggled out as far as one could see. As the first of the Company reached the town they were greeted by one or two wise guys, with, "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching."

The morale and strength of the gang were gone because there was not a word in reply, just ugly looks and the promise to themselves, "When I get rested, I'll get that wise guy." But with the rest went the desire to kill and as far as is known no casualties were reported.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys were marching in for the next eight hours from where they had fallen out and fallen asleep. It is the belief of the Company that this hike was equal to any that ever took place in the A. E. F., if not better. And whenever the boys of this outfit hear this song played or sung, their minds wander back ten years to that Spring day and night in 1918, when they tramped, tramped, tramped for over twelve hours to a rest that was well earned.

CONFIDENTIAL TO CARROLL SWAN

We are honored tonight to have with us one of Boston's most distinguished citizens,—a man whose honors extend into many fields of endeavor. He comes to us tonight, not as a former officer of the 26th Division, not as one of the city's most promiment business men, not as the U. S. Marshal, not as a former Commander of the American Legion,—to all of which honors he is truly entitled,—but as the President of one of the biggest and most prosperous banking houses in this great city, the Real Estate Co-operative Bank. I want to ask this gentleman to stand up, just so we can see him for a minute.

Fellows—good old BILLY KEVILLE!

SHOULD THE DEBT SETTLEMENTS BE REVISED?

The following excerpt is taken from a much longer address delivered by Congressman A. Piatt Andrew before the American Economic Association in Washington, on December 29, 1927:

No thoughtful person would claim that all loans are alike in the binding force of their obligation. If during a great conflagration a citizen loaned fire extinguishers to his neighbors to use in putting out a fire which threatened his home as well as theirs, few would assert that the debt so contracted entails the same moral obligation upon the neighbors as would be entailed had they purchased these extinguishers on credit in the normal course of trade. Loans to be sure are loans, but if the extinguishers that he lent were destroyed in saving the city, he would scarcely feel warranted in demanding from his neighbors, particularly if they had suffered far greater losses than his own, their repayment with all of the interest they might be able to pay for interminable years. And similarly, if a country were engaged in a war which it was itself helpless to prosecute, and it loaned to other countries engaged in the same conflict the guns, shells, uniforms, chemicals, food and other necessaries of war which they used in combatting the common enemy, and these things were consumed in the process, although loans are loans, some will question whether the lending country would be justified in demanding from its partners, especially if they had made vastly greater sacrifices in the conflict than its own, the payment of all that they might be able to pay for several generations.

During the Civil War many northern men drafted for the Union Army considered themselves for one reason or another unprepared to serve, and offered money to others to go in their stead. Sometimes such money was offered in the form of loans to meet the substitute's expenses or to provide for his family while he was at the front. When the war ended if the veteran returned impoverished and disabled, perhaps minus an arm or a leg or a foot, although loans are loans, it would be rather generally agreed, I presume, that the lender was somewhat cold blooded who insisted upon "the most favorable settlement that could be obtained short of force."

Not unlike is the case of a government at war, which, unprepared for most of its time in the war to put men in the field, placed money at the disposal of other governments to enable their sons to continue fighting and to feed and clothe these men's families while they fought. If, when the war ended, some of these governments in consequence found themselves bankrupt, with millions of widows and orphans and mutilated victims to support, and many hundred thousand homes, farms and factories to rebuild, although loans are loans, many, I am sure, would doubt whether the government which by lending money had spared its own men, could justly ask that the principal of all of its loans be repaid with all of the interest its partners might muster during more than three score years.

* * * * *

There may be those who believe that such settlements will stand, but I have too much confidence in the judgment and conscience of the American people to be of their number.

Y. D. V. A. NOMINATING COMMITTEE

The following men have been appointed by President Keville and approved by the Executive Committee, to serve as a Nominating Committee of the Yankee Division Veterans Association: BENJAMIN JAMES (M) (101st F. A.), Chairman; HAROLD A. BATTEN (M) (102nd M. G. Bn.); ELMER J. CASEY (M) (101st Engrs.); EVERETT H. CASWELL (M) (101st Inf.); and CLARENCE E. THOMASY (M) (101st Amm. Train).

NINTH ANNUAL CONVENTION, Y. D. V. A.

To All Whom It May Concern:

In accordance with ARTICLE VI, SECTION 3, of the Amended By-Laws of the Yankee Division Veterans Association, notice is hereby given that the Ninth Annual Convention of the Association will be held at Association Headquarters, 200 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts, on Saturday, April 7, 1928, at 3.00 P.M., at which time and place all regular business which can properly come before the legislative body of the Association will be considered.

Each member present shall be entitled to one vote provided his current dues have been received by the National Treasurer thirty days prior to the meeting of said Convention.

Officers to be elected at the National Convention are as follows: Honorary President, President, Chaplain, Treasurer, one Vice-President from each New England state, two Vice-Presidents at large, three additional members of Executive Committee. Elections are for a term of one year.

In accordance with ARTICLE XIII, SECTION 1, of the Amended By-Laws, notice is hereby given that the following proposed amendment to said By-Laws, having received the approval of the National Executive Committee, will be presented to the Convention for its action:

ARTICLE XL, SECTION 1, to be amended to read as follows:

ARTICLE XI
FINANCES

SECTION 1. Annual dues for each active member of this Association, excepting life members, shall be paid on application for membership to the National Treasurer; dues thereafter to be paid in advance on the first day of April of each year. Dues for each life member of this Association shall be paid on application for life membership to the National Treasurer. No further dues shall be assessed by the Association to life members of the Association. No dues shall be assessed by the Association to honorary or associate members of the Association. The amount of annual dues and of life membership dues in this Association shall be determined by the legislative body, and shall be subject to change by the majority vote of any National Convention, upon the advice of the National Executive Committee.

WILLIAM J. KEVILLE,
President

PHILIP N. SANBORN,
Secretary

C. C. BILL

By Philip N. Sanborn (M) (101st Engineers)

We wish, in all humility, to call the particular attention of Christian Scientists to the photograph which is displayed on this page of our album of familiar faces.

This gentleman of tragic countenance in whose eyes one can envisage the utter hopelessness and futility of human destiny is C. C. Bill, the one true, living example of the power of mind over matter. The picture was snapped just after a detail had been called for.

Some of us, as rookies, had difficulty in identifying the bugle calls. In Bill's Company there was no need to make the effort. One look at him told the story. At reveille he lay groaning in his bunk, too ill to lift an eyelid; at sick call he appeared, a pitiful, bent-over, hobbling figure, feeling his way to the dispensary; at fatigue call he lay chalky white as one dead; at retreat his recumbent frame was shaken with the return of approaching life. Fifteen minutes accomplished the astonishing metamorphosis; his figure became erect, a healthy glow suffused his cheeks, he was ready for whatever cafe parties the evening had to offer. With a running jump he was out of the billet and whistling down the street. As taps sounded he was at the height of his glory, laughing, singing, telling stories, and slapping comrades on the back. Next morning the boisterous reveller had shrunk into a pale apparition of imminent death.

The genus detail-ducker existed in every outfit. Show us the man who never feigned sickness and we'll show you Ananias reincarnate. But, Bill was different. He had greater finesse, more polished technique. He could actually *be* sick or well as the occasion demanded. Only once, to our knowledge, did he report for fatigue. His ears played him false—he thought it was sick call. When the horror of his mistake came to him he fainted on the spot and crumpled in a heap in ranks.

One Sunday in Langres, after a particularly tough week of building barracks in the snow, we had been promised the day to ourselves. Most of the boys were away from quarters. About eight of us, including C. C. Bill, were in the barrack room around a roaring fire. Bill was doing an exhibition buck-and-wing dance. A sergeant stuck his head in the door to announce that we were to go down to the railroad and unload a flat-car of barrack parts. Ensued an avalanche of blue smoking blasphemy—but not a peep from Bill. His figure shrunk and tottered, a sickly green pallor overspread his features, a fishy cloud filmed over his eyes, he lay back helpless and pitiful. Did he get away with it? He did. The sergeant didn't live with the heart to order that trembling and fever-wasted form out into the snow.

It was a gift.

Bill never went to the front. We never expected to see him again. But we underestimated his nerve. At the big Welcome Home Banquet in Mechanics Building he was there to greet us. All the hardware of the Allied nations adorned his manly breast, but sufficed him nothing.

The last seen of him by mortal eyes he was groping his bent and tottering way out of the door under a barrage of French rolls and grapefruit.

STUBBY, A DOG

Reprinted from the Boston Herald

Stubby, famous dog mascot of the Yankee Division, whose body has been mounted and given a place of honor in the American Red Cross Museum, has been decorated again.

On Dec. 7th, at the annual meeting of the Red Cross, Congressman Fenn of Connecticut, acting for the Eddy Glover Post, A. L., presented Chairman John B. Paine with a silver plate engraved with the record of the veteran fighter to decorate the base of his memorial. The plate is sterling silver, 16 by 14 inches in size, and was bought with funds subscribed by Stubby's comrades-in-arms.

Decorations and honors have been showered on Stubby. A veteran of four major engagements, he already wears pinned to the chamois blanket which admiring French women made for him overseas, one wound stripe, three service stripes, and numerous other decorations and medals. His first honors were won at Chemin des-Dames, where he distinguished himself by capturing a German spy and saving the life of a doughboy during a gas attack.

Briefly, the shining silver plate tells his story as follows:

"Stubby, the famous mascot of the 26th Division, Born in New Haven, Ct., 1916; Died in Washington, D. C., 1926. He saw 17 months of service overseas, and went through the Champaigne-Marne, Meuse-Argonne, Aisne-Marne, and St. Mihiel. He wears one wound stripe and three service stripes. His famous coat was made and embroidered with the flags of the allies by the women of Chateau-Thierry.

"Stubby was made a life member of the American National Red Cross and of the American Legion, Eddy Glover Post, New Haven, Ct.

"President Wilson shook hands with him on Christmas Day, 1918, and he was officially received at the White House by President Harding in 1921 and by President Coolidge in 1924.

"When Stubby died a plaster cast was made of his body within which ashes of his cremated remains were encased in an air-tight metal container.

"And so this figure truly represents Stubby himself, the beloved mascot of the 26th division as he appeared in life.

"Loaned by J. Robert Conroy, Stubby's master, of the 102nd U. S. Infantry, 26th Division."

FREE TICKET TO BANQUET

Following is the solution of last month's Army Field Message. Decoded, the message reads:

U. S. ARMY FIELD MESSAGE

From: BARRY
At: Iroquois 2 Hour: 11.20
Date: 2/26/18 How Sent: Telephone
To: MURPH Y

PRIVS	AMUEL	AKAPL	ANCOQ	SHRAP
NELWO	UNDLE	FTTEM	PLEPE	NETRA
TINGB	RAINF	ATAL		

BARRY

Assembling into words, we have:

U. S. ARMY FIELD MESSAGE

From: BARRY
At: Iroquois 2 Hour: 11.20
Date: 2/26/18 How Sent: Telephone
To: MURPHY

PRIV. SAMUEL A. KAPLAN, CO. Q, SHRAPNEL WOUND, LEFT TEMPLE, PENETRATING BRAIN. FATAL.

BARRY

We have only one more of these code messages. The code word is ALFONTE.

U. S. ARMY FIELD MESSAGE

From: KRMTJ QLOZO STUJR EBTSX PQ SEC. UJR
At: Iroquois 2
Date: 2/27/18
To: KRFJT RZQEB TXSPQ

TSOPT	RJVVZ	WSQRJ	LVJCS	ZQJRM
TPQRK	ZQSER	JRZPQ	PQSWS	JWPQS
ERZKK	OZQQS	WBQSW	TJERP	QSDYZ
VYSQX	ZQSST	EJTST	SFPCS	QXJQW
RYTSS	QPRES	TZPBE	KHZQA	BTSWR
DPPMR	YSFSC	JVBJR	SWJQW	PQSTS
RBTQS	WRPNB	JTRST	E	

MTJQL OZOST

Just one word of helpfulness. The "SEC." in the first line is not code. It is merely the abbreviation of the word, "Second."

Now, just to make it interesting, we have a little offer to make. For the first correct solution received, we will reserve one seat for the big Y. D. V. A. Banquet on April 7, which will be delivered to the winner, free of charge. For the second correct solution to arrive, the winner will receive one year's paid-up membership in the Yankee Division Veterans Association. (This does not include membership in the YD Club of Boston.) For the third correct solution received, the winner will receive one carton of YD Club monogrammed cigarettes, postpaid.

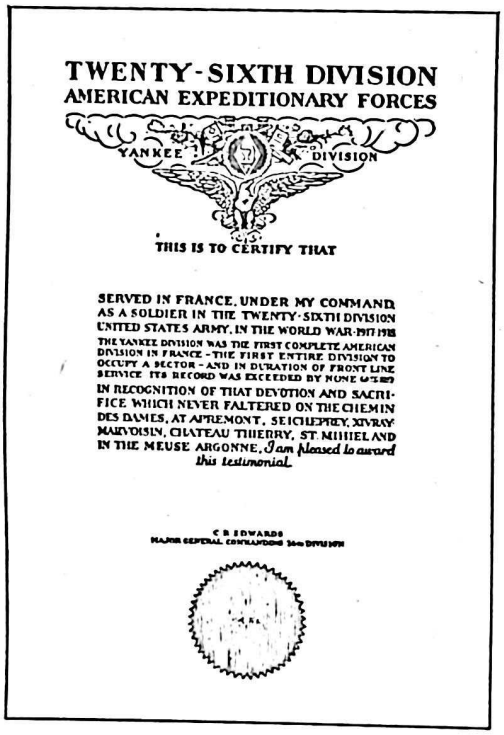
In order to insure fairness to all concerned, and due to the fact that our members are scattered from coast to coast, the precedence of the replies received will be decided from the postmark, rather than the hour of arrival here. Furthermore as the residents of Greater Boston receive this number earlier than those at a greater distance, please state truthfully on your reply the day of the month on which this number reached you.

To members of the YD Club of Boston who frequent the Club: Replies may not be handed in in person; they must go through the mail.

Up and at 'em! The solution will be given next month.

THEY ARE READY!

The accompanying reproduction shows the exact appearance of the Certificate of Service in the 26th Division which has been mentioned in YANKEE DOINGS from time to time.


TWENTY-SIXTH DIVISION
AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

YANKEE DIVISION

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

SERVED IN FRANCE, UNDER MY COMMAND AS A SOLDIER IN THE TWENTY-SIXTH DIVISION UNITED STATES ARMY, IN THE WORLD WAR-1917 1918

THE YANKEE DIVISION WAS THE FIRST COMPLETE AMERICAN DIVISION IN FRANCE - THE FIRST ENTIRE DIVISION TO OCCUPY A SECTOR - AND IN DURATION OF FRONT LINE SERVICE ITS RECORD WAS EXCEEDED BY NONE

IN RECOGNITION OF THAT DEVOTION AND SACRIFICE WHICH NEVER FALTERED ON THE CHEMIN DES DAMES, AT APREMONT, SEICHEPREY, XIVRAY MARVOISIN, CHATEAU THIERRY, ST. MIHIEL AND IN THE MEUSE ARGONNE, *I am pleased to award this testimonial.*

C. R. EDWARDS
MAJOR GENERAL COMMANDING 26TH DIVISION

The response to a questionnaire as to how many men desired something of this sort was so gratifying that the Association has gone to considerable expense to have the drawing made and lithographed and 500 copies struck off.

You will note that the certificate is not alone a statement of facts; it is also a beautiful work of art. P. O. PALMSTROM (M) (101st Engrs.), as you have probably already guessed, is the designer, and he has put into it every ounce of his skill as an artist.

Possession of this certificate will clear up, once and for all, the old controversy as to which Division was first in France, and which served the longest in the lines. There you have it right over the "Old Man's" signature.

These certificates are lithographed on heavy parchment paper, measuring 10 inches by 13 inches. Your name will be lettered in Old English in the space left for that purpose. *And every certificate issued will be signed in person by General Edwards.*

The price is $2.00 apiece. A price of $1.00 was mentioned but it was found to be impossible to achieve the proper result at that price.

An order blank is printed on back cover. If you wish one of these certificates, and who does not, please fill it out at once and mail to the Secretary, Y. D. V. A., accompanied by check or P. O. order for $2.00. Delivery will take from one to two weeks.

ALL UP FOR THE BIG NIGHT

We expect to be obliged to hire an office boy before long, to do nothing but open envelopes. The advance returns on the Y. D. V. A. Banquet on April 7 indicate that about 99 44–100 per cent of the total membership are planning to trek Hubward on that date. Replies are arriving from every town and hamlet this side of the Mississippi. Let's make it unanimous. You can't afford to miss it, so start hoarding the nickels or get on good terms with the brakemen if you plan to make the trip that way. Hear what some of the boys have to say:

JAMES McCARTHY (M) (C Batt., 102nd F. A.) of No. Plainfield, N. J., writes, "Hope you will get C Battery of the 102nd to attend as a body on April 7. It is about time they made a roll call after ten years. Will look forward with pleasure to this drive and reunion."

And this, "I cannot afford to cut out any part of YANKEE DOINGS, so will just copy the blank. (Follows a copy of the blank.) Mark: C. C. STANCHFIELD (M) (102nd M. G. Bn.). Re-mark: "I will be there."

FAY W. FOSS (M) (102nd F. A.) marks his ballot, "I expect to be present 100 %." EDDY HOLMES (M) (104th Inf.) writes in, "You betcha." ARTHUR B. FARRAR (M) (A Batt., 101st F. A.) expects to come down from Barre, Vt.

It is still a bit early to give final details of the music and entertainment. But rest assured, they will be of first quality.

This will be your best chance since the war to see old familiar faces, to tell the old stories, and to celebrate in approved Yankee Division style.

Just one word of caution. If you are planning to bring a YD comrade along with you, first make sure that he is a member of the Association, or that he is going to join before the day of the banquet. This restriction was imposed, not with the idea of increasing the membership, or of keeping anyone away; it was merely felt that, as an organization, some recognition should be given to those who have stuck along with the old ship. It costs but one dollar to join; that should not prevent anyone from attending.

Once more, let us repeat the essential facts. DATE: April 7, 1928. TIME: 6:30 P.M. PLACE: Elks Hotel, Tremont Street, Boston. PRICE: $3.00 per plate. The banquet will be stag, and dress will be of the common or garden variety.

Watch next month's DOINGS for further details. Meanwhile let us know whether to expect you. Applications for tickets will be sent out to every member some time in March, but it will help the committee a great deal to know about how many to count on.

THE JANUARY SMOKER

On Wednesday evening, January 11, the Boston Club held its regular monthly smoker. As a variation from the motion picture programs which have been provided for the past few months, the Club members had asked CARROLL SWAN (M) to tell of his trip to France and other European countries on the good-will tour of the American Legion.

Following his ironclad rule of pleasure before business on smoker nights, your reporter took no notes on Col. Swan's talk but even had he done so it would be difficult to reproduce it here. As much of the enjoyment of the listeners came from Carroll's style of telling it as from the subject matter itself.

The episode wherein he mistook the King of Italy for some functionary of the guard, his informal reception by the Prince of Wales, and his carefree description of the banquet staged in the House of Lords would suffer heavily if cramped by the limited style of the printed word.

One of the most impressive moments of the tour was the audience granted the legionnaires by the Pope. Col. Swan spoke feelingly of the spirit of graciousness and benignity with which his Holiness greeted the Americans, regardless of their creed; the words of kindness and understanding which he spoke to a blind legionnaire from Pennsylvania.

The reception by King Victor Emmanuel, King Albert of the Belgians, and King George were high spots in a pilgrimage memorable not only for its unbroken enjoyment but for its potential influence in uniting even more strongly the bonds of comradeship between America and the nations at whose side we stood ten years ago.

Much has been written of the great parade in Paris, but with Carroll we seemed to see those tramping thousands as each and every one of them tossed his flower on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier beneath the Arc de Triomphe.

Preceding Col. Swan's talk, Vice-President BILL BROWN (M) conducted a brief business meeting which elected members of the nominating committee.

Entertainment of a high order was provided by two distinguished members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, through the good offices of Bill Brown, namely: M. Rene Voisin, cornet soloist; and M. Lucien Ansotte, trombonist. M. Voisin gave evidence of his virtuosity in his profession by rendering a number of American bugle calls after merely writing down the notes as he heard them played by one of our members. M. Ansotte, although a trombonist in the Boston Symphony acted as piano accompanist to M. Voisin in several beautiful solo numbers. M. Voisin enlisted in the French infantry in 1914, was severely wounded, and fought the balance of the war from hospital beds. M. Ansotte is a Swiss.

The Club's old favorite, "Mandalay," was splendidly sung by Jack King, with MONTY BROWN (M) at the piano.

Doughnuts and coffee, as usual, finished the evening's program.

THE ANSWER TO A DOUGHBOY'S PRAYER

Our friendly enemy, the staunch "Diablo," craves information, "straight from the shoulder." We are but a servant of the "peepul." It is our desire to please.

"Why," he demands, "must all copy for DOINGS be in before the first of the month?"

For three reasons. First, because we say so. Second, because the printer, being an orderly and methodical sort of cuss, likes to feel reasonably sure when he has the presses rolling that we won't come tearing in with coat-tails flying, brandishing some last minute copy. He is so unreasonable in that respect that he expects to be paid extra for starting all over again. And third, because no agency—human or Divine—has yet been discovered for extracting the lead from the nether portion of our Uncle Sam's Post Office anatomy.

Be it understood that we don't give a hoot whether copy is in before the first or not. If it isn't, it just lies over another month, that's all.

"How come," he continues, echoing the query of our most distinguished pill-rolling iconoclast, "that we get the copy in before the first and then don't get DOINGS until the end of the month?"

Please heap all maledictions on the heads of the long-suffering printer and the Postmaster-General. We have to wait as long for our own copy as every one else. From the first of the month until the 17th or thereabouts all we have to do with DOINGS is to O.K. the proofs and implore speed. When it finally arrives, we fall to and mail it out. From then on—in God we trust. Five days seems a long time from 200 Huntington Avenue to Hyde Park, but it is the shortest interval that has ever elapsed in the delivery of our copy by that marvel of efficiency, the U. S. Post Office.

Now, even a doughboy intellect ought to perceive that it is necessary to set some date for closing, if we are to get anywhere at all. If our readers prefer to have copy close on the 15th and receive the paper on or about the 1st, well and good.

Anything to please.

After all, so long as you get DOINGS once a month, what does it matter which day it comes? Or whether it comes at all?

NEW MEMBERS

At the date of going to press, February 1, the resident membership of the YD Club of Boston stands at 936, an increase of 16 since January 1.

The new members since the last publication of YANKEE DOINGS are:

EDWARD J. MCDONALD (M) (A Co., 101st Inf.)
HOWARD P. BURNHAM (M) (A Co., 102nd M. G. Bn.)
THOMAS F. MACKEY (M) (E Co., 104th Inf.)
EDWARD N. MACDONALD (M) (A Batt., 101st F. A.)
GEORGE A. GILLESPIE (M) (I Co., 101st Inf.)
ERNEST L. HUNNEWELL (M) (A Co., 102nd M. G. Bn.)
WALTER L. TABER (M) (A Co., 101st Mil. Police)
PERLEY W. WHITE (M) (Band, 101st Engrs.)
J. DALLAS CORBIERE (M) (102nd Inf.)
OTIS J. FARLEY (M) (A Co., 101st Engrs.)
CHARLES S. TREFREY (M) (B Batt., 101st F. A.)
HAROLD G. THOMPSON (M) (D Batt., 102nd F. A.)
RALPH A. HASTINGS (M) (D Co., 101st Amm. Tr.)

26,101

About 8000 men would like to have the number 26,101 for their automobile registration plates, the 26 standing for the 26th Division and the 101 for 101st Infantry, Artillery, Engineers, Signal Corps, Machine Gun Battalion, Field Hospital, or whatnot as the case might be. We can't all have it, so we want to congratulate the man who has been lucky enough to get it.

He is Major HENRY H. WHEELOCK (M) (101st Supply Tr.) of Fitchburg. When you hear the whole story you'll agree that he probably has a better title to the proud honor than most any of the rest of us. For not only he, but the machine which wears the plates, rates the trick numbers. It is a battered old flivver which carried the Major over the shell-torn roads of France. It was wounded in action, being knocked sprawling by a shell at Verdun.

Major Wheelock developed such an affection for the old hack that he managed to have it shipped home with him, and he has been driving it ever since. Each year he has pulled all the strings at his command to have it given proper recognition in the matter of number plates. This year he was successful.

We suppose the Major tells all his friends that the fish on the plates represents the canned goldfish he consumed in the service. If this article comes to his attention, we merely wish to remind him of the beautiful YD radiator emblems which are on sale at the Club. Or perhaps he has one.

THE BATTLE OF HOBOKEN

Major General David C. Shanks, who was Commanding Officer of the port of Hoboken during the World War has written a book, to which he has given the title, "As They Passed Through the Port."

It depicts both the serious and the humorous side of the war as reflected in the characters of the myriads of men who "passed through the port." So much emphasis has been placed on the experiences of soldiers in France, and so little, comparatively, on the war atmosphere here in the States, that the volume contains much that is new to most of us.

One of the most appealing incidents described is that wherein General Shanks had the pleasure of notifying a mother that her son, supposed dead, had returned to this country, alive. The mother had recognized the lad's picture in a newspaper print of a returning transport, had insisted against all efforts to dissuade her, that she knew it was he. She wrote to General Shanks, and he states that it was the most pleasant moment of the war to him, when, after chasing down the clews, he was able to report to the mother that her instinct had been true.

Such incidents as this are intermingled with those which display the inimitable soldier humor. All in all, it is a book worth having.

General Shanks' address is Wyoming Apartments, Washington, D. C.

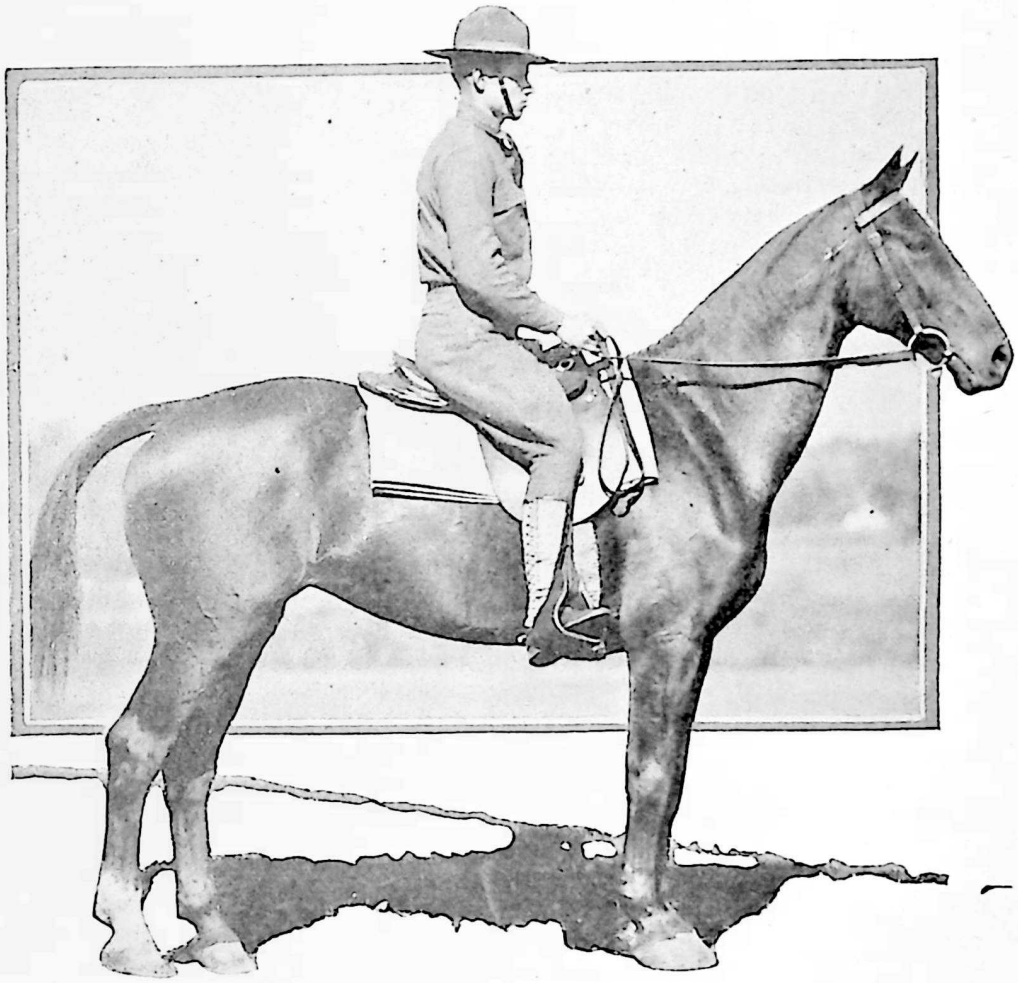
THE OLD ARMY GAME

Mother Mule—Yes, my Maud's the mascot at West Point.

Mother Pig—That's nice. My Willie's the football at Annapolis.

OUR MOUNTED FORCES

By "Diablo" (M)



"PEGGY," THE WINNER OF THE CAVALRY ENDURANCE TEST, 1924–25, RIDDEN BY CORP. ANTHONY QUATISKY (3rd U. S. CAV.). TRAINED BY CAPT. J. R. UNDERWOOD. (*Photo by the author.*)

In this modern electrical and mechanical era it seems to the average onlooker that the day of the horse has passed and there is no further use for man's faithful companion since the very beginning of civilization. For hundreds of years the horse was the sole means of transportation. For pleasure and labor he reigned supreme. Today he seems obsolete, but one has only to go to some of the outlying districts and there he will find the horse still is in much demand.

The Army still relies on the horse and mule and although it may seem that mounted forces are of little consequence in action, still we maintain a large section of troops, superbly mounted on the best of horseflesh, Up at Fort Ethan Allen one will find perhaps the best mounted section of Cavalry in the country; wonderfully trained animals who seem to know the drill as well as their riders. There you will find the artillery still faithful to the horse drawn caissons. Of course the heavy artillery has been motorized but the lighter guns still are drawn by perfect specimens f horseflesh. It is a joy to one who can appreciate a good horse to see these boys on the drill field. Each man seems but a part of the horse on which he is mounted. Each man has a pet name for his horse and to him his horse is what a rifle is to a doughboy.

One must not judge the mounted forces of the Army today by the horses seen in parades of the National Guard. They keep their horses in as good condition as is possible under the circumstances, but as an old ex-sergeant recently said to me, "The game ain't what it used to be."

I stood beside this old boy one day last summer and watched the sections of artillery prance by, if that be the correct word to use. I think not, for the animals did not have enough life in them to move save when a couple of kicks were vigorously bestowed in their nether regions. The old boy certainly had the time of his life in picking the outfits to pieces. He saw everything,—incorrect posture of the riders, harness needing oiling, and—well, I certainly would not like to have him for an inspector in any outfit to which I might be attached.

At the Brockton Fair he went into raptures when he

saw the Regular Army drill team on the track. And what a wonderful group of horses and riders those officers are. They will soon compete in the Olympic Games for the international championship, and we are betting on them to come out at the top.

This indeed proves that the Army is still turning out horsemen second to none, and the old ballyhoo that the day of the horse is gone, especially in military circles, can be taken with a grain of salt. In this day of specializing it seems there is no place for the old time stable sergeant and the mule skinner, but step up to any military reservation and you will find them still existent and much on the job. And to your ears may come some of the reminders of yesterday, when the skinner mounts his wagon and lustily tells those mules where they get off.

MURRAY DEWART

I met MURRAY DEWART first in France. Before the Division went to the Front, I saw little of him and because his regiment was near mine only once while I was attached, I never got to know him well until later—after I was at G. H. Q. There, at the solicitation of General SHERBURNE (M) I requested orders transferring Chaplain Dewart to the camp at Langres. General SHERBURNE assured us that so great was DEWART's devotion to duty and his men that he was killing himself with overwork, that he was risking his life needlessly, and that he was already on the verge of a breakdown. Because of this he was taken away from the regiment as Chaplain Petty was relieved from the 102nd Infantry. And how he protested and stormed!

The work he did at Langres justified the move. Here he had larger scope for his great ability as a preacher. He was also able to serve on a board which met at Chaumont and to examine applicants for commission as chaplains. He did good service by his fearlessness, common sense and devotion. Here I saw him weekly and all in the office came to love him, and to look forward to his visits, always so full of life, energy, and enthusiasm.

He was, I believe, the happiest man in France when he prevailed upon me to request orders for his return to his regiment and the last months after the Armistice he was with his beloved artillery. After the War I saw him twice. I met him at the unveiling of a monument to the Chaplains who fell in the war, at Arlington, and we renewed associations interrupted for seven years, just where we left them off. Last Spring he visited me in Middlebury and preached to my students a sermon on sportsmanship which was one of, if not the best they ever heard. On that visit we swapped old yarns, the story of his famous truck and of his arrest at St. Nazaire because of his zeal in getting supplies for his men.

He was the sort of Chaplain that gives the lie to the misleading pictures of Chaplains in novels and movies, and the sort that officers respect and men love. He was fearless, and tenderhearted, always ready to laugh, always ready to pray. He lived near God and yet near to needy men. He will never be forgotten by the 102nd Artillery and by those of us who knew him.

Middlebury, Vt.

—PAUL D. MOODY, D.D. (M)
(103rd Infantry)

A MOTTO AND SOME SELLING TALK

The following paragraphs are from a letter written by a life member of the YD Club of Boston. They were not intended for publication, but some of the remarks are too good to miss. We shall withold the name of the writer.

"Tell the guys that want to take the scissors to DOINGS to buy themselves paid-up memberships and then throw their ideas on the most convenient dung hill. My sentiments are to publish in large letters on the front page, the command is always 'FORWARD.' YANKEE DOINGS will obey.

"If such a paper, having the unique task of bringing together and holding together former members of the Division cannot increase its size and quality, then let's appoint a circulation committee and give away toy go-carts or air rifles with each subscription. Personally I see no objection to an increase in dues, not perhaps another dollar, but say another 50 cents, all of which would go toward defraying expenses of publishing the paper.

"Occasionally letters which are distinctly critical of a news vehicle are printed just to fill up space. For my part such letters are uninteresting."

Y. D. V. A. EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE DINNER

We have been criticised from time to time for saying that so-and-so "threw" a party. Nevertheless, when the occasion demands, and no less expressive word will suffice, we persist in employing that term.

On Tuesday, Colonel "BILLY" KEVILLE (M) threw a party for the members of his Executive Committee at the Algonquin Club. This was not an official affair, and has no status in the activities or deliberations of that august body. It was just Col. Billy's private affair and given—beg pardon, thrown is the word—out of the kindness of his heart. Possibly an account of it has no place in DOINGS, so please consider it merely as a personal item, the same as anything in "Outbursts from the Old Outfits."

We will neither bore our gentle readers nor arouse their jealousy by going into detail. In addition to the members of the Committee, the following were present: Col. CHARLIE STEVENS (LM)*, PHIL PALMSTROM (M), GEORGE W. TWOMBLY (M), and RALPH EASTMAN (M).

Suffice to say that the Colonel knows how a party should be tossed.

*Life Member.

PREFERRED OLD COVER DESIGN

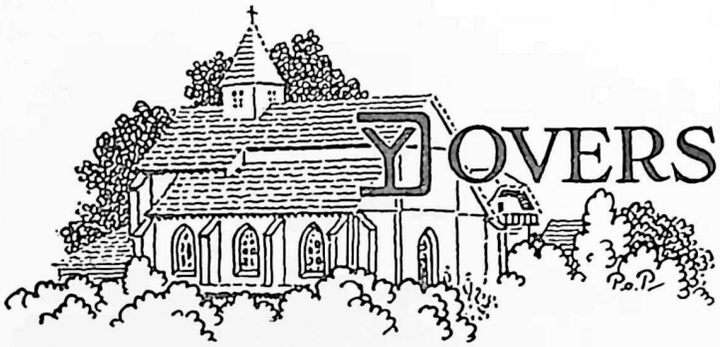
EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

What is the matter with the men of A Company, 101st Supply Train? We never see anything about them in DOINGS. If there are any still living I should like to hear from them.

As to DOINGS, do not make it any smaller. If necessary, raise the dues. I really liked the old cover design better than the new which makes the paper look cheap. We couldn't have anything cheap in the YD organization.

HARRY L. ALVORD (M)
(K Co., 104th Inf.)

Care of General Delivery
Springfield, Mass.



YD OVERSEAS MEMORIAL

"Every man give one day's pay"

The most important development in the progress of the Overseas Memorial since the project was first undertaken is contained in the following telegram dispatched by Colonel KEVILLE (M) to BERNARD S. CARTER who is acting for the Memorial Committee in France.

> "AUTHORITY TO START CONSTRUCTION AWAITING ONLY RECEIPT OF FINAL PLANS, ESTIMATES, AND CONTRACTS. PLEASE CONTACT CRAM AND DESTAILLEUR AND CABLE WHEN WE MAY EXCPET PLANS. ALSO INFORMATION AS TO PROBABLE PERIOD FOR COMPLETION OF CHURCH."

Mr. CARTER replied as follows:

> "CRAM ONLY JUST ARRIVED IN PARIS. HAVE INVITED HIM LUNCH WEDNESDAY WITH DESTAILLEUR, BOISROUVRAY, AND BENOIST D'AZY. CONSEQUENTLY HOPE TO BE ABLE SUBMIT FINAL PLANS AND INFORMATION VERY SOON."

Just how much does this mean. First, and most emphatically, it does *not* mean that our job is done. We set out to raise $75,000 and we intend to do it. We do not propose to be content with four bare walls as our Memorial. The amount of money on hand is barely sufficient, if indeed it is sufficient, to erect a bare shell of a church. The interchange of telegrams merely means that the Committee believes that the returns to date warrant obtaining definite estimates and the probable commencing of the actual construction. If anything it means that our efforts should be redoubled, for once the walls begin to rise, we are doubly committed to carrying the project through to a splendid and successful consummation.

Now, if ever, "is the time for all good men to come to the aid" of the Memorial. Some of the regiments are still regrettably below their quota. The committee is willing to have the work started. It is basing its confidence on the good faith of the remainder of the Division to do its part. Do not shirk, much remains to be done.

The spectacular increase in the total amount of money raised in the past few months is largely due to a number of large contributions. Do we want it said that our Memorial had to be endowed by wealthy men? Resolve not to put off any longer that which you know is a real duty.

Mention has been made from time to time of the desirability of the various regiments and independent battalions providing suitable memorials, such as stained glass windows, altar, tower clock, bells, pews, etc. It is the wish of the Committe that no regiment start raising money for that purpose until the fund for the church itself has been completely subscribed.

An Inspiration

The following card was received from a former member of D Company, 101st Engineers. It shows the kind of spirit which will put the Memorial across:

> "In answer to yours of January 14, I wish to state that I contributed to the YD Overseas Memorial on the first call, though unemployed, and am in the same fix now, practically. I am sorry I cannot do more, *mais c'est la guerre.* I wish I could get O. K. vocationally. I enjoyed the booklet of the church. It sure is fine."

Such a letter as that ought to put some of us whose wordly luck has been better to shame.

A Word from the Treasurer

In the list of subscribers this month, you'll notice that the fellows in New Hampshire have been putting to work seriously the method that is going to bring Success to a safe perch on our banners and that method is the good old-fashioned PERSONAL CONTACT. It is clear that they have seen the prospective givers and in almost 100% of persons seen they have found the old YD spirit still alive and flourishing and ready to "come through" when approached properly. We had very gratifying results from our letters and the brochure, but the real "shock troops" to put us over the top in the drive are the same lads who did their stuff in 1917–18. There are many blank files in our ranks, but those of us who are left should do just a bit more than our share in memory of those whom war took from us and who can't be here to help. They used personal contact then and by using it now we'll once more gain our objective. We know the Engineers didn't dig trenches and build roads by mail during the days of shovelry in France. It was close personal contact with Mother Earth via picks and shovels that did the trick and we'll have to get busy to keep our regiment up with the parade past the quota line.

The 101st Field Hospital had a reunion—result a bunch of dollars captured for the Memorial.

The officers of the 101st Field Artillery had a little party—result many shekels rounded up to restore to France a beloved shrine obliterated by their guns in chasing the Boche out. Let's make a winning game of this and keep it on our minds at all times when the fund may be boosted! The reunion season is on. Every man will be glad to give a dollar at least if he cannot give a day's pay. Anyhow, let's try to give every YD man we see a chance to show he's still with us on any worthwhile project.

—RALPH M. EASTMAN (M).

ORGANIZATION STANDINGS

ORGANIZATION	QUOTA	CONTRIBUTED	PER CENT
101st F. A.	$4500	$5418.45	124
102nd M. G. Bn.	1000	1071.55	107
101st San Tr.	1000	968.65	97
Div. Hdqtrs. & M. O. R. S.	3000	2991.80	91
101st Engrs.	5500	3297.30	60
101st Amm. Tr.	2000	1163.85	58
103rd M. G. Bn.	1000	576.40	58
51st F. A. Brig. Hdqtrs.	1000	563.00	56
101st M. G. Bn.	1000	520.19	52
102nd F. A.	4500	2199.25	49
101st Tr. Hdqtrs. & M. P.'s	500	241.45	48
103rd F. A.	5500	2645.70	48
101st F. Signal Bn.	1000	332.30	33
101st Inf.	10,000	2205.71	22
51st Inf. Brig. Hdqtrs.	750	163.40	22
103rd Inf.	10,000	1686.00	17
102nd Inf.	10,000	1519.18	15
104th Inf.	10,000	1436.10	14
101st Supply Tr.	1500	168.30	11
101st Tr. Mortar	500	48.00	10
52nd Inf. Brig. Hdqtrs.	750	42.33	6
TOTAL	$75,000	$29,258.91	
Miscellaneous		2,235.40	
Bank Interest		113.50	
Postage		1.92	
	$75,000	$31,609.73	42%

INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS

(*In addition to those previously acknowledged*)
(Y.D.V.A. members not designated)

Cash Contributors

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Dr. Chas. S. Walker (N. H.)
M. J. McLaughlin
Henry A. Cheney (N. H.)
Dr. John G. W. Knowlton (N. H.)
Gustave F. Hebert (N. H.)
Frank M. Reid (N. H.)
Victor Amlow (N. H.)
Walter C. King (N. H.)
Leroy E. Codding (N. H.)
Merton T. Barron (N. H.)
Charles E. Whitehouse (N. H.)
Harry L. Cote (N. H.)
Col. Arthur A. Hansen
Michael Zalvki (N. H.)
Clarence H. Warner (N. H.)
John J. Huelson (N. H.)
Wm. J. Lynch (N. H.)
Earl M. Gilbo (N. H.)
Alvin R. Davis (N. H.)
Michael Morrison
Warren M. McLeod (additional)
W. D. Van Dyke, Jr.
B. H. Ticknor (additional)
John H. Sherburne (additional)
Erland F. Fish
Thorndike D. Howe
Daniel Hanley (N. H.)
James W. Kinsella
Ralph Robart
Wilbert L. Mayon (N. H.)
Richard H. Miller
Wm. C. Hadley (N. H.)
Henry A. Speckman (N. H.)
George E. Kingsbury (N. H.)
Felix C. Patterson (N. H.)
Harry D. Randall (N. H.)
Edward T. Doody (N. H.)
Arthur P. Rule (N. H.)
Walter H. Moore (N. H.)
James A. Foster (N. H.)
Chas. F. Leahy (N. H.)
Reginald C. Garner
Denial Needham
LeRoy W. Sleep
Geo. K. Livermore
Leland Rokes
Dana T. Gallup
Joseph Dube (N. H.)
Frank Fenerty (N. H.)
H. F. Smith (N. H.)
Frank A. McLaughlin (N. H.)
Paul F. Crowell (N. H.)
Chas. W. Ames (N. H.)
Henry J. Dube (N. H.)
Robert E. Walbridge (N. H.)
Fred J. Garneau (N. H.)
Vets. 101st F. H.
Arthur T. Gormley

Pledges

John R. Quilty
Stanley M. McLeod
Leonard F. Davis (N. H.)
Walter T. Abbott
Robert E. Goddwin (additional)

Edward B. Richardson (additional)
Erland F. Fish (additional)
Richard H. Miller (additional)
Elmo V. Clutterham
Howard E. Paige (N. H.)

AMOUNTS RECEIVED TO FEBRUARY 1

	CASH REC'D.	PLEDGES	TOTAL
Div. Hq. Troop	$2287.80	$695.00	$2982.80
101st Inf.	1486.71	719.00	2205.71
101st F. A.	3876.95	1541.50	5418.45
101st Tr. M.	30.00	18.00	48.00
101st Supply Tr.	123.30	45.00	168.30
*101st San. Train	802.65	166.00	968.65
101st F. Signal Bn.	277.30	55.00	332.30
101st Tr. Hq. & M. P.	211.45	30.00	241.45
101st M. G. Bn.	410.19	110.00	520.19
101st M. O. R. S.	9.00		9.00
101st Engrs.	2818.80	478.50	3297.30
101st Amm. Tr.	756.85	407.00	1163.85
102nd Inf.	1328.08	191.10	1519.18
102nd F. A.	1823.50	375.75	2199.25
102nd M. G. Bn.	854.55	217.00	1071.55
103rd Inf.	1254.50	431.50	1686.00
103rd F. A.	2354.20	291.50	2645.70
103rd M. G.	516.40	60.00	576.40
104th Inf.	1269.00	167.10	1436.10
51st Art. Brigade	563.00		563.00
52nd Inf. Brigade	32.33	10.00	42.33
51st Inf. Brigade	128.40	35.00	163.40
Misc.	1103.40	1132.00	2235.40
Bank Interest	113.50		113.50
Postage	1.92		1.92
	$24,433.78	$71,75.95	$31,609.73

* Includes 101st F. H., 101st San. Train, 102nd F. H., 102nd Amb., 10rd F. H., 103rd Amb., 104th F. H., 104th Amb.

2112 Donors
653 Pledges

2765 TOTAL

$11,688.05	Amt. Pledged	$24,433.78	Cash Rec'd.
4,512.10	Pd. on pledges	7,175.95	Due on Pledges
$7,175.95	DUE ON PLEDGES	$31,609.73	TOTAL

(M) FOR MEMBER

Some inquiries are still being received regarding the (M) which appears following the names of some men in DOINGS and is missing from the names of others. The (M) signifies that the man is a member of the Yankee Division Veterans Association.

Just as a suggestion, when you see the name of some man known to you personally, without the (M), get to work on him.

He: "George is studying to be an artist."
She: Yes, he does a great deal of freehand work."

"DOINGS" ITS OWN SALESMAN

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

I firmly believe that if YANKEE DOINGS could find its way into the home of every Yankee Divisionite for a perod of four or five consecutive months that there would be little need for an increase of $1.00 in the dues.

I think that if it once gets in it will do its work—better work than any other agency. And the more who read DOINGS the more personal items will appear in its pages, making it of more value to each of us.

I know that I have been drawn back so that I have an interest in the doings of today whereas a year ago New England seemed a long, long way off, and the Division one of my most pleasant memories. Now I know that it is still carrying on, not in the memories of the past but in the actualities of the present, and with the song of "carry on" for the future.

Enclosed are two checks, one for the Overseas Memorial fund. As to the other, I will be candid to say that I do not know whether I owe more or not, but if I do it will be forthcoming *toute de suite* if DOINGS passes me by for a month.

I might add that I still do not know who was so kind as to see that DOINGS found its way to my home, but I am surely happy that it did.

ARTHUR T. GORMLEY (M)
(103rd Field Hosp.)

Des Moines, Ia., January 28.

A REMINDER

Days are swiftly flying. They fly faster as age comes on. It's the world's way—and we believe it, whether it bears the weight of scientific reasoning or not.

The days of youth are far behind the average soldier of the late war, but still we are living. Yes living in our many chosen walks of life. All must work or become useless wrecks of life. It matters little whether the work be in a richly bedecked office with lackey at beck and call, or in a humble little home of two or three rooms. It's all work and if in each case the one performs faithfully the task that is necessary, there is nothing more to be said. There is nothing more dignified, more honest, more self-respecting than doing one's own work conscientiously. It is not easy living that teaches us to live; it is more often they who fail to learn to live.

And labor has long ago been dignified—yes, exalted. Artisans of all trades and toiling, perspiring men and women in field and shops and mines have carried their bodies and their minds to heaven's very gates and their souls beyond. Perhaps, too, if we will think upon it, we will know more clearly why once there came to earth a babe in the most humble of births, to grow up a carpenter but destined to teach all men and women the mightiest lesson that human minds might learn and humble hearts might yearn for.

"DIABLO" (M)

A long-legged sheep in the Himalayas is able to run forty miles an hour. That's the kind of little lamb to follow Mary nowadays.

BY REQUEST

The following poem has been submitted for publication in DOINGS times without number by one of our best friends in the YD Club. At last we relented and here it is. It is not to be supposed that it portrays the sentiment of YANKEE DOINGS or of any individual among our number. The old prejudices were pretty well obliterated before we donned the red chevron. In recalling to mind our old comrades, none of us today pauses to debate whether he got to France via the National Guard or the National Army. We don't remember and we don't care. All were soldiers and friends. So we print, "Only a Volunteer" just as a typical wartime verse, nothing more.

ONLY A VOLUNTEER

Why didn't you wait to be drafted?
The answer is easy enough;
You didn't need a brass band to lead you,
You're made of the right kind of stuff.
Your banquet will come when it's over,
That's when you will want to be cheered,
And then you'll know you deserved it
Because you just volunteered.

Don't be discouraged too quickly,
From what I have seen, I've a hunch
That out of the millions of soldiers,
Uncle Sam likes you the best of the bunch.
You don't complain of your duties,
Of hardships you've nothing to fear,
You lick up your meals with a relish
Because you're a good Volunteer.

You were not dragged in by number
As though you were nothing at all,
And you didn't go around with a frown on
Afraid that your country would call.
You didn't buy every paper
And scan the draft columns with fear,
You marched right along with your head up
Because you were a Volunteer.

What if the little draft Willies
Do get a little more praise,
Praises will not get the Kaiser
It's real work that we want in these days.
Just keep your eyes on Berlin, boys,
Never mind about the brass band and cheers,
The glory will go to the heroes,
And they'll be the brave Volunteers.

"THE GOOD MEN DO LIVES AFTER THEM"

Much has been said about the cost of DOINGS but so far nothing about its value. It seems to me reducing it even one half would only slightly reduce its cost, but the stopping of its growth would discourage its promoters and reduce its value immensely. Tightening up the belt helps some, but it does not prevent starvation.

Now I am not sure that everyone appreciates the value of DOINGS—realizes what it means and what it stands for. In a few years the YD Club, its members and all its activities will have disappeared and been forgotten. Only DOINGS will remain—copies of it here and there, on file and in dusty garrets, thumbed over by poets and other literary guys and artists looking for inspiration.

Remember that poem which goes:

"Whatever has been written must remain,
Nor be erased, nor written o'er again."

I have forgotten the rest myself, but that's enough for the purpose. Just consider "Paul Revere's Ride," and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and those hoary old fakes about Ulysses that Homer has immortalized in the Odyssey. Would anyone nowadays ever hear about them if they hadn't been written up?

The point is: do we want the doings of the old YD in France forgotten? Hundreds of deeds of courage and devotion that would have made Ulysses do a nose dive into the nearest dugout were witnessed by members of the Division. They should tell about them before they are called on to dig in for the long rest. If they don't want to write them up themselves they can tell the story and have some one else write it. Not everyone—luckily— has a flair for writing, but some have, and DOINGS has uncovered a few that can write with the best of them. It seems as if it would be better to use them than to lose them.

Consider, as an example, "Doc" COZZENS (M). True, he favors shrinking DOINGS. Either the wide open spaces of Texas are dwarfing his inspiration or else he's selling his stuff and holding out on us. But anyway, he'll come back. And there are several others whose names I cannot recall, a first class editor, a couple of good illustrators, and some prominent advertising and publicity men within reach. Few magazines have as good a staff, and none has such fine material or such a worthy objective as DOINGS.

What it needs is encouragement; a definite purpose, understood and appreciated, a more even distribution of the work involved, and a little financial support. Considering what the little magazine is doing for the Division, that's not too much to ask.

GEORGE F. POUTASSE (M)
(F Co., 101st Engrs.)

Cambridge, Mass., January 26.

EXCHANGES

"*The Observation Post,*" published by the Blind Veterans National Chapter, Disabled American Veterans of the World War, at Washington, D. C., has been received from MICHAEL INSELBUCH (M) (103rd Field Hospital) who is Adjutant of the Chapter.

It contains a great deal of interest regarding pending legislation which will affect the disabled man.

YANKEE DOINGS wishes to congratulate the editors and publishers of this paper for getting out a bright and newsy sheet.

"*The Shrapnel,*" published by Springfield (Mass.) Post, No. 21, American Legion, comes to hand regularly. It is a crackerjack little paper. We wish the editor would tip us off as to how he gets his ads. The leading article, entitled "Pioneers," is one of the best analyses of a certain post-war hysteria that has come to our attention. It is so very good, in fact, that DOINGS proposes to reprint it in full, with acknowledgment to *The Shrapnel*, in the March number.

TO CONTINUE

By "Diablo" (M)

It was a sad day indeed when I read the reply to my gentle admonition that our Editor use more diplomacy in making such drastic demands that all copy be in before the first of each month. Really, in all sincerity, his harsh words have been gradually seeping into my none too agile brain, I hope this word will not cause Mr. Webster to use an *agnomen* (what do you think of that one?) or to go into spasms of hysteria—because the brain really is part of the body—at least they tell me 'tis. I have come to the conclusion that he has adopted the old Army gag in trying to cover his delinquency by picking my poor English to shreds.

Now, my dear old Engineer, we all salute you as the Chief Muck-a-Muck of DOINGS, but you have yet much to learn. Verily, I say unto you, that here is a Doughboy who would give a feller a break. If you don't believe it, I will match you for a good dinner, heads I win—tails you lose. It never occurred to me that you would not act in your august capacity of Editor, Copywriter, Re-writer, etc. and properly edit my little note of retaliation you so richly deserved, before placing it before all my brother Doughboys as an example of the inferiority of the Infantry in intelligence as compared to the Engineers.

In previous articles sent by this genius of mis-spellation (look that one up—I can't find it), he always relied on you to make them look as though they went through the usual routine, and never before have you found junk I have sent in so bad as to warrant public condemnation. You have completely evaded the issue. You have not yet made a satisfactory reply as to *why* all copy must be in before the first of the month, nor have you replied to the inquiry of our friend the "Pill Roller" as to "How come we get the copy in on the first and then don't get DOINGS until the end of the month?" This is a matter which requires an answer straight from the shoulder and no beating around the bush. What we want is service with a capital "S". If you are in need of assistance, all you have to do is step out of your office into the Club Rooms and many will be glad to help you out. If you are in need of good stories —well—just listen to some of those that are passed around and you will hear plenty. If it is a case of more money being needed, just say the word, and pronto the gang will fix things up—I included.

Really, son, you should not try evading of the issue as you have in the past. We are all over twenty-one and able to stand the truth, so if you are up against any difficulties, just say the word, tell us what is needed, and the Old Guard will muster 'round you and see that everything is fixed up. Now brother, you must use diplomacy to be a success in this world—would advise you to memorize Kipling's little verse, "If," because an Editor is the chap that gets all the hell. In my line we have one of them and believe me he is a tough baby. I can't get away with any such criticism as I may be able to with you, so when I have a jam with him—well—I grab my "tipsy typewriter" and proceed to knock hell out of you and all the Engineers and Ambulance Drivers. Guess I will lay off the Ambulances for a while as "Percy" may have given me a ride to a hospital for all I know, but if he did he deserves a darn good trouncing, as on each of my trips I was much more disabled when reaching the field stations than when I started. Those boys thought they had wings on their wagons and usually played hop-skip-jump all the way. One minute you imagined being transported by airplane and the next on horse back.

Now doutless you have wondered for some time why I am not very friendly with the Engineers. Well, listen my children and you shall hear. It happened some ten years ago in the walled city of Toul. Within those sacred precincts countless American soldiers were to be found,—Infantrymen, Artillerymen, Aviators, Engineers, Boozehounds, Franc-hounds, English Sappers and a goodly bunch of American Saps. It was a city that sorely tried the arms of common soldats because on every side you met an officer—a couple of hours wandering around and you imagined that they had shot another dose of anti-this-and-that into your right arm and the only way to escape this monotony was to duck into some gin mill and meditate that America would be dry upon your return. I do not remember the name of the cafe, but two other boys and I proceeded to do our duty to France. We drank to Washington, Lincoln, LaFayette and to all our historic customs. As dusk was falling we were all in a somewhat similar condition when two chaps sitting at another table came over and insisted that we drink to the Engineers. This sobered us immediately and we forthwith drank and sang of the glory of the Infantrymen. A mix-up ensued and the last I remembered was a terrific jolt on the chin and oblivion. The next stage was being assisted by an M. P. to the outskirts of the City. No, they didn't put me in the jug as they said it was full of Engineers and they doubted if I would be able to lick them all. So you can see from this that the Engineers were always favored by the "higher-ups" and we Doughboys got what the cat left. I do not remember the boy that clipped me, but I do remember he had the top of his ear missing as I mentioned it just before he landed, so I am continually on the lookout for an ex-engineer with the top of his ear missing. Perhaps someday I will meet him and we will finish that contest over a darn good feed and then my ill-feeling will be appeased.

DEAR DIABLO:

We pass on "agnomen." You've a better dictionary than we have, Gunga Din.

"The Answer to a Doughboy's Prayer" will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Sir, our chapeau is off to you. A man who can suffer such ignominy at the hands of one Engineer as you did, and still beg another one to come out straight from the shoulder is not only a good sport, but a hero. The big bully must have looked too long upon the wine when it was red. For, as Engineers, we were taught never to pick upon poor, defenseless Doughboys.

We have two perfectly good ears. Neither one has a piece chawed out of it. But flipping a coin is out. The chow is on us. We wish to atone for the disgraceful act of our comrade in Toul. Name your date and choose your hash house. Let the pipe of peace be smoked to the very heel. Let "many a cup of this forbidden wine drown the memory of that insolence." (Look that one up.) For once we will consent, in a spirit of humility and abnegation, to break bread with a Doughboy—and foot the bills.

OUR MONTHLY CRITIQUE

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

DOINGS has arrived and I will do my darnedest to get some imprudent remarks into the mail in the hope that they will reach Boston before the February issue goes to press, lest the Editor come forward in the same issue with another polite reminder "To Our Esteemed Contributors" for not reporting by air mail.

The New Year's cover was good but there seemed to be something the matter with the boy. I have forgotten just what it was, but of course 1928 may not be that kind of a bird.

Along with PHIL SANBORN'S (M) monthly character sketch, the outstanding feature to me was NORMAN CARTER'S (M) trip to France. As a general rule, travelogues of all description are dry reading. But he seems to have put some "It" into his article which makes it most readable. Let's hope we have some more from his pen.

I have shed real tears at the announcement of the Y. D. V. A. Banquet. I can't be there, so I shall sit under a cactus plant and spend the day in deep mourning.

I note that our friend Diablo has made some very pertinent remarks regarding the size of DOINGS. The Editor has labelled my December letter, "Sticks by His Guns." I still stick by them, but if it comes to the point where, as he says, YANKEE DOINGS will be diminished to such an extent that it will finally die a natural death, I will point the guns in another direction and say, by all means, keep it large or larger. I am not trying to assert myself in these arguments. My object is merely to ask those in charge to consider the pitfalls in the way of any radical action. Even though many answers—say a hundred—have been received advocating increase in dues, I will speak for a percentage of the other eight hundred and twenty members who are noticeably silent. It all remains to be seen what will happen on April Fool's Day, when the bills for Club dues are sent out. How many are going to say, "Shall I put in an extra dollar to read the additional speech of some second looey when a general comes to town?"

One thing upon which I would voice a strong protest is changing the name of YANKEE DOINGS. YANKEE DOINGS is our child which has been nursed and nurtured from a single sheet to its present form and popularity. To change its name would render it unrecognized and uninteresting. It would no longer be our chummy paper but a stranger that would have to live unloved a long time before it found a comfortable place in our affections, if indeed such would ever come to pass.

I have never considered DOINGS a magazine in the strict sense that they are known. It is more like an intimate letter sent out from all our buddies to all the rest of our buddies. Maybe I'm wrong. I'm willing to be corrected.

I have the two latest copies of the AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY before me now. I have perused their many pages but have found absolutely nothing to attract me. Both copies are going into the discard as unreadable. This is not a slam at the A. L. magazine as it has a recognized place, but that it's matter is foreign so far as a personal interest is concerned.

If any change is made I would suggest that more time be given to the contributors to get copy in. One day to read it and write comments for the next issue is rather short. I don't know anything about printing or publishing but it hardly seems necessary to allow three weeks to get our little sheet into printed form after it goes to press.

LYMAN B. COZZENS (M)
(Med. Det., 101st Engrs.)

Austin, Tex., January, 1928

In Rejoinder

We have but two comments to make.

We too noticed something wrong with the boy on the January cover. Our reticence, however, is based on choice, not forgetfulness. Is it possible that Lyman is dissembling?

The assumed deduction that no contributions can be sent in until after the arrival of DOINGS denotes one of three things: a misapprehension of the truth, a marked paucity of original ideas, or an inherent craving for something to razz.

"AMERICA GOES OVER"

On Saturday evening, January 7, a special smoker was held at the Club, at which Colonel Solbert of the Eastman Kodak Company gave a private showing of the great war film, "America Goes Over."

These pictures were selected from the several hundred thousand reels of official war films taken by the Signal Corps, Photographic Section, during the war. Only the best action pictures were chosen. These were then reduced by the Eastman people to 16 mm. size, to prevent their being commercialized by the motion-picture industry, and to insure veteran bodies throughout the country the right to purchase the films for their own archives and to show them without fear of competition from the motion picture houses.

The pictures cover all parts of America's participation in the war; transport service, naval action, the work of the infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers, signal men, and aviators all receiving their share of space. A considerable part was taken from Major COOPER'S (M) pictures of the Yankee Division.

Although the screen was small, the pictures were very bright and clear, and packed with action from beginning to end. The YD Club is contemplating purchasing the reels and a projector in order that this vivid record of America's part in the war will always be available for the future.

Cop: "Who was driving when you hit that car?"

Drunk (triumphantly): "None of us; we was all on th' back seat."

Y. D. POST 290, A. L., COSTUME PARTY A GREAT SUCCESS

Russian cossacks in shakos, Spanish grandees bearing upon their arms resplendent ladies of Old Madrid, rapacious buccaneers and unconvincingly brutal pirate maidens mingled democratically with lower East Side junk dealers of pronounced Hebraic extraction, clodhoppers from Punkin' Center, and be-frocked and be-bibbed bottle babies, at the first Costume Party of YD Post, American Legion, held at the YD Club on Monday evening, January 9.

To refer to the party as a great success is to lay one's self open to the charge of gross understatement. To observe that a good time was had by all is to descend to the level of banality. We can go further and remain within the confines of truth. The picture of the Old Man, hanging above the stage has never looked down on an affair better exemplifying good, clean fun; nor upon one which redounded in greater measure to the credit of the Post members. Everyone was happy, everyone was having a good time, and everyone was doing his or her utmost to insure everyone else's having a good time. It was not altogether the costumes, which were original and diversified; it was not altogether the orchestra, which was splendid; nor was it wholly the dancing, fine as it was. Rather it was the good natured spirit of merriment for merriment's sake, with never a thought of ribaldry or trouble-making. It was great; that just about sums it up.

A few days before the party, the Post officers were wondering if it would flivver. Now they are wondering if the hall will be large enough for the next one, which will be held in April. Not everyone was in costume, especially among the men; but their timidity has been swept away and the next affair will undoubtedly exceed this one in its colorful variety.

Before passing on to a more detailed description of the costumes, a task for which we are ill-fitted, we wish to speak a word in praise of the orchestra which came down from Lowell, and played its lungs out for a surprisingly modest fee. There were no slackers in that group, and they certainly knew their salad ingredients.

JIMMY LYNCH (M) as a lineal descendant of the ten lost tribes had chosen his garments from the goodly assortment which he had collected in his rounds of back-door calls as a rag-picker. A facial hair mattress worthy of the early prophets, false teeth, and a derby which proved that ears are not alone to hear with, topped a shapeless form which floundered about in size 14 shoes.

The House of MURDOCK, both the Mister (M) and the Mrs., had just stepped off the quarterdeck of some treasure laden galleon from whose peak flew the pennant of a Kidd or a Morgan. They presented a marvelous example of the co-existence of harmony and contrast. Their pirate costumes were designed in almost identical manner, same colors, same everything—except wearer. The result however was some contrast. "Mug," with his bristling mustachios, his bushy eyebrows and his golden earrings, was the most blood-chilling corsair we have ever met; Mrs. Murdock, with saucy tri-pointed hat, open throated blouse, diminutive skirt and swashbuckling, red-lined boots, was by long odds the most charming pirate maiden who ever commanded an unfortunate victim to walk the plank.

JIM (M) and Mrs. CRESSWELL as Russians of the old regime of splendor added another note of individuality.

JIM MCKENDRY (M) appeared without costume, but even had he appeared as the Emperor of Siam or the doorman of the Ritz, no one would have noticed while he persisted in dancing with his small sister, simply clad in orange silk with a black Japanese design.

This report is already too long, but we must mention CHARLIE WELSH (M) in a long white baby frock, with an oil cloth bib bearing the legend, "A Good Boy"; MARK KING (M) in a tight fitting, pea green Palm Beach suit; and ALLEN (M) and Mrs. LYNDELL with their representations of the Hicks from Hicktown. These latter would have pressed all comers hard for first honors had prizes been given. Modesty forbids your reporter to do more than mention his sister, Miss Sanborn, in an authentic Portuguese festival costume with the brilliant colors which tradition has bequeathed to the people of that country.

Oh, well; this is our first attempt to describe an event of this sort, so please excuse any inaccuracies or discrepancies. It's the best we can do, and we had a good time anyhow.

And in closing, let's give credit where credit is due,—to AL BARNARD (M), "UNC" WOOD (M), BOB DUNCAN (M) and the other officers of the Post, who "took a chance" and achieved a great success.

BEVERLY RANTOUL

No man who was denied the right to wear the YD was prouder or showed more affection and love for the Yankee Division than did Beverly Rantoul who was buried at Salem, Mass., on Tuesday, January 17, 1928.

Many, many a lad in the trenches recalls him as a member of the Red Cross—attending them during battle, helping litter bearers and lighting cigarettes for the wounded.

Mr. Rantoul served an enlistment in Battery A and also as an ambulance driver in 1916. He came back here and tried every possible means to enlist for the war and then, when he could get in in no other way, he returned to the Red Cross to become the buddie of the fighting men. His age was 55 years.

—CLARENCE R. EDWARDS (LM)*

*Life Member.

Beverly Rantoul befriended the 51st Infantry Brigade in its operations north of Verdun late in 1918 in a manner so efficient, so courageous and so self-effacing as to make his name shine in loving memory in that organization.

Late in October, 1918, I was the adjutant of the brigade. I received a message from Col. LOGAN (M), the substance of which was that the representative of an auxiliary organization, whose duty was to furnish cigarettes to the sorely tried and wearied men of that regiment, was unable to make change, and consequently the men of the regiment were desperately in need of cigarettes—could I do some-

thing to remedy the situation. By singular coincidence, only the day before, I had received word that Beverly Rantoul was in or near the little town of Souilly, a short distance in back of Verdun, anxious to render any assistance that he could.

Upon receiving Col. Logan's message, I immediately despatched a motorcycle orderly with a message for Mr. Rantoul, asking if he could send us up some cigarettes. At 4 o'clock that afternoon a dilapidated, noisy and worn-out Ford truck arrived. In it was Beverly Rantoul and another man. He said: "I have brought enough cigarettes to take care of the immediate wants of this brigade. I have also brought with me ingredients for sufficient hot chocolate for a thousand men, and I have with me 500 copies of today's Paris edition of the New York Herald."

In the influence of peace and ordinary pursuits, it is difficult to convey what that meant to the morale of an organization which had been assigned an impossible task by the higher command. It had been bravely carrying on, day after day, attacking an objective that was one of the keystones of the German defense on the western front, and was being defended as a keystone must be.

In this situation Beverley Rantoul came to live with us. His bed was in a hole on a hill. At the end of its daily trips for more cigarettes, more chocolate, more newspapers, his car was garaged in the mud near the three dead mules.

The brigade began the operation with a little less than 6000 men. In five days over 2800 men went through dressing stations on their way to hospitals. This does not include the dead who numbered several hundred.

Beverly Rantoul did not have to do what he did. He took his life in his hands cheerfully, even happily, in order to bring some slight measure of comfort to those mud-soaked, smoke-choked, hungry, tired men who were standing up brilliantly in the face of almost overwhelming odds.

His truck was frequently hit with machine gun bullets. He had several narrow escapes from being hit with high explosive shells. He could have turned the job over to somebody else—he did not officially belong there—but he came, he stayed, he helped.

I have always looked upon him as one of the heroes of the life of the 26th division, and in his passing there has gone a man who met his life's highest test with honor, and who wore the brassard of the American Red Cross according to the finest traditions of that organization.

JUDSON HANNIGAN (M)
(51st Inf. Brig.)

A. P. O. NO. 709

LEON F. DENIS (M) (Supply Co., 104th Inf.), who has had his "private dugout" as he calls it, in El Paso, Texas, for the past three years, has once more hit "the long trail, the out trail, the trail that is ever new." For a time at least, he can be reached, in case you want to call him up some night, at Schofield Barracks, Territory of Hawaii.

LEWIS FULTON (M) (B Co., 104th Inf.) was a recent visitor to the Club. His home is in New York where works for an enterprising pencil concern. He travels through New York state and points east. He wished to be remembered to all the boys.

Dr. PARK K. ROCKWELL (M) (E Batt., 103rd F. A.) writes from Portland: "Just received my DOINGS and deciphered this month's field message in code. For indoor sports this has cross-word puzzles stopped. Keep them coming. Check me up as one who will be present on April 7. Something serious will have to happen to keep my away."

GEORGE H. YOUNG (M) (E Batt., 101st F. A.) after declaring in favor of a raise in dues rather than to sacrifice DOINGS, has this to say, "That item on 'Who's Got the Button?' doesn't hit me at all. On my one and only chance I have had to visit the Club, I bought two of them and still have 'em. They have traveled through about twenty states in the East."

This from GEORGE P. HARRIS (M) (L Co., 102nd Inf.): "What's the matter with the Connecticut boys? They most certainly were members of the Division and proud of it, but it is seldom I see any news of the 102nd Infantry or other units that hailed from that state."

MICHAEL INSELBUCH (M) (103rd Field Hospital) who is Adjutant of the Blind Veterans National Chapter in Washington writes, "By all means keep DOINGS as it is. I am willing and glad to pay an increase in dues. Also count me in on the service certificate, signed by the Old Man."

So many letters have been received, voicing the opinion that dues be raised rather than DOINGS curtailed that we beg to be excused for not mentioning every writer by name.

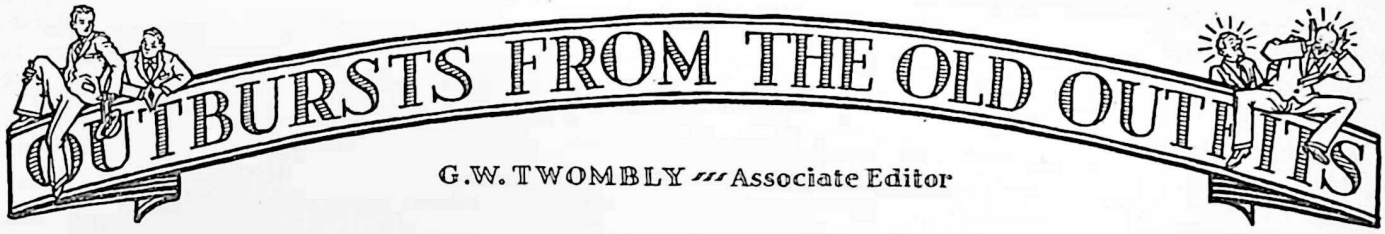
TAPS

Captain FRANCIS B. WOOD, at one time Mess Sergeant of G Company, 104th Infantry, died in Springfield, Massachusetts, on January 9. Captain Wood served as a private and non-commissioned officer in K Company and G Company of the old 2nd Mass. from 1900 until the regiment became a part of the 104th at the outbreak of the war. When the 104th went overseas he was Mess Sergeant of G Company. He was later commissioned and assigned to the 148th Infantry, 37th Division. He was wounded in action and was also awarded the Legion of Honor by the French Government. Captain Wood was a popular officer and will be missed by all the veterans of the 104th.

JOHN E. MAGEE, Jr., formerly of K Company, 101st Infantry, died at the U. S. Veterans Hospital, Rutland, Mass., on Sunday, January 22. He was buried from his late home, 42 Sagamore Street, Dorchester, no January 25.

THOMAS J. MCDONALD, formerly of C Battery, 101st Field Artillery, was killed on January 17 when he fell from a staging at the John Hancock Building in Boston.

CHARLES P. LADD, Jr., formerly of L. Company, 104th Infantry, died suddenly on January 20, at his home, 12 Willow Place, Arlington, Mass. Mr. Ladd was 53 years of age and a resident of Arlington for 40 years. He served in the Navy in the Spanish-American War, with the 46th U. S. Infantry in the Philippines, with the 8th Massachusetts at the Mexican border, and with the 104th in the World War. He was so badly gassed that he was invalided home. He was a fomer adjutant of the Arlington Post, American Legion, and a Royal Arch Mason.



101st INFANTRY ITEMS

E COMPANY

The annual election of officers took place at the last meeting of E Company, held at the quarters of the North End Post, V. F. W. The meeting was distinguished for the large attendance and the wonderful enthusiasm of the members of the old outfit. Some credit for the latter must be given to our Latin members from the North End as they always provide the *vin* and *biere* at these meetings.

The newly elected officers are: Commander, ARTHUR WHEELOCK; Adjutant, Major JIM O'BRIEN (M); Treasurer, BILL LACEY; Trustees, JOHN "POP" HAYES (M), AL MORUN, and ARCHIE DOYLE (M); Sergeant-at-Arms, AL MARGATTI; Graves Registration Officer, EDDIE DUFFY.

"POP" HAYES is a member of the Medford Fire Department, and AL MARGATTI is an officer at Station 7, East Boston.

ARCHIE DOYLE, the retiring Commander, was given a vote of thanks and a wonderful ovation for his work in organizing the E Company Associates.

TOM "TOWSER" FAY gave a brief but interesting talk on parliamentary procedure. He was ably assisted by ABE FENNO and DICKY REARDON, two of our bum cooks.

The Company held their reunion and banquet on January 25 at the Arlington Hotel. About one hundred were present and it sure was a reunion. Nearly all of the old Company officers were present including Major O'BRIEN (M), Lieut. FRANK GIBBS, Lieut. FRANK COLLINS, Capt. BOB MAGEE, and Lieut. PAT O'BRIEN of "O'Brien Formation" fame.

HARRY CONNOLLY was toastmaster. There were no casualties and none reported missing to date, but no doubt a few reported to sick call the next morning.

—H. C.

"H—ER COMP."

Plans are under way for a get-together some time in February. The exact date has not been set but we figure around the 20th. We hope to have a real good time—something that will start the Spring activities off right. All "H—er Comp." men will be notified as to the exact date.

CHRIS WASHEK has once more got back into the harness as a *soldat Americain*, having enlisted in Co. H, 101st Inf., Mass N. G.

"PRUNE" Hughes is now working at Milton Academy.

JIM FEELEY is now with our representatives down the bay, not against his will but employed there, which makes the chances of any of the boys all the better for getting the best in case they are sent down there for a vacation. We have three from "H—er Comp." down there at the present time (not on a vacation) but as part of the official family.

TOM BARRY (M) is physical instructor for the boy scouts of Greater Boston. He is going to run in the marathon again this year and hopes to finish with the first. Let's hope not only with the first, but *the* first.

THEODORE MCCARTHY is a member of the YD Post, American Legion.

We have received some replies from our note in the last issue of YANKEE DOINGS from old "H—er Comp." men in different parts of the country and we hope to hear from more.

With this issue of DOINGS lets remember that hike that took place 10 years ago this month, from Braine up to the lines. Some say that this one was the longest we did while we were over there. I do not agree, but up to that time we had not learned that all the things we carried were not necessary. The pack weighed *beaucoup* which no doubt accounts for the feeling that this hike was the longest. You will remember that from then on the pack began to get smaller. More than one pair of perfectly good English dogs that were carried in were not carried out, and such things as extra underwear, etc., was also left behind, but still we will admit that this hike was a corker.

—E. H. C.(M.)

103rd INFANTRY

CLARK PERRY (Supply Co.) is teaching in Lockport, New York. Ask Clark if he remembers the day Col. MCDOWELL questioned him about the Supply Company standing reveille. Clark bravely told the Colonel how they all stood reveille, when as a matter of fact no one even got up.

Mr. and Mrs. FRED SHAW (M. G. Co.) announce the arrival of Miss Miriam Faith Shaw on January 9th. Sgt. Shaw now answers first call with great regularity.

WALTER and Mrs. HINDS announce the arrival of Marilyn May on January 22nd. Walter belongs to the 101st Trench Mortar Battery, but is assigned to the 103rd Column at present.

Congratulations to Col. WILLIAM D. and Mrs. IRELAND on the arrival of Mary Louise on New Year's Day.

We got a nice newsy letter from MAURICE C. WALKER (E. Co.), who is living in the Holy City, Lebanon, N. H. He did not say what he was doing, but located a number of others for us. Maurice would like to hear from Sgt. JOE PALEN of Vermont and also Sgt. RILEY WORTH of the same state. Will some one enlighten him?

WARREN WHEELER is living in Orleans, Vermont. BERT SWENSON is back in Newman, Calif. He says the East is too crowded for him. ALMEDAS GUILMETTE has moved to Claremont, N. H.

EUGENE LEMARRE (C Co.) is living in Woodsville, and is a neighbor of FRED PALMER (H. Co.). STEVE TUPPER (M) Co.) billets at West Lebanon.

ARTHUR JESSMAN, who was reported killed in action, now hangs his hat in Piermont, N.H. (wherever that is).

Read in the Sunday Herald under "Military Matters," by Capt. SIDNEY A. COOKE (M) (Hdqtrs. Co., 103rd Inf.) the correct layout for a field desk. The writer knows of a certain field desk which came back from France which contained the following articles: two brass candle holders, a Britannia ware teapot, an Austrian canteen, a single shot 16 gauge pistol used in the War of 1870, a beaded bag, a trench knife (German), a few pieces of shrapnel from Belleau Woods and a few other miscellaneous objects. These were all camouflaged under a neat array of payroll blanks, morning reports, etc. About the only thing which was not packed in the desk was a French 75.

Speaking of field desks, regimental files, etc., reminds me of an incident which happened at Regimental during the Chateau-Thierry drive. It was a warm day and we were in a patch of woods, bag and baggage, just outside the town. Sgt.-Major BILL MULHOLLAND was heard to remark he would give $5.00 for a clean change of underwear, at which Corp. FLETCHER HYDE spoke up and addressed Bill thus, "Sgt.-Major, refer to the regimental files under "S" and you will find a clean shirt and under "D" you will find a pair of drawers."

The Sgt.-Major did as directed and was rewarded by finding the garments in their respective places. That's what we call military efficiency.

Please send all 103rd news direct or to E. K. HALE (M), Lisbon Falls, N. H.

—E K. H. (M)

FLICKERS FROM THE 104TH

GREATER BOSTON UNIT

EDITOR OF YANKEE DOINGS:

After reading the wail of my good friend, JIMMY ARMESON, (M) I am prompted to reply. Of course, I realize that Jimmy is down in the sunshine belt, living the life of Riley; nothing to do but eat oranges, smoke good Havana cigars and make love under the Florida moon; and "Oh, boy, ain't that moon potent," while we poor individuals who are obliged to slave for a living and reside in the cool, chilly atmosphere of the Bay State, do not have the opportunity to sit down and chronicle our daily affairs.

But, Jimmy, I want to assure you that the 104th is on the map, sawing wood all the time, and can be relied upon to come across when needed. A short while ago, an S. O. S. was sent out for the bowling team and during the last three weeks we have won ten games, and lost two. Not so bad.

WALLY DAY (M) furnishes the movies for the YD Club every month, and that is no small job.The rest of us are around and doing our bit as we can. During the last few weeks, I have run across several of your particular buddies.

JOHN, "TILLIE," WALKER is stringing wires for the telephone company in Quincy. He is almost as thin as the wire he strings, and as you recall it, Tillie was quite a stringer.

GEORGE R. ELLIOTT (M) (C. Co.) has shaken the dust of New England off his shoes once more. Mail will reach him at the Blodgett Hotel, Marshfield, Wisconsin.

TOM FARRELL is counting the coal nuggets for the Fitchburg Coal Company. Both Tom and Mrs. Tom have the welcome sign out at all times to his former buddies.

CHESTER MATTHEWS is working on the road down in Peabody. He has been out of touch with YD affairs for quite a while, but promises to come up and let us see what he looks like.

Had a letter from CHARLIE LESTER of Galveston, Texas. Charlie tells me he is married. I had an idea that he was the perennial president of the Bachelors' Club, but he slipped like the rest of us.

"RED" WHITE is chamber-maid for the Legion Post in Quincy, so I have been told. Atta Boy, George.

GEORGE CURTAIN is a very enthusiastic fight fan, and can be found up at Mechanics Hall whenever there is a good scrap on.

FRANK SPOONER (M) has returned to this section of the country, and is becoming a permanent lodger of the Club.

I was talking with "NIGGER" NEAL (M) and he wishes to be remembered to you. "NELLIE" PATCHETT and GENE HAMILTON (M) also wish me to let you know that they are still looking forward to our next annual reunion.

A few of us have been contemplating and planning to make a surprise visit on JOE VAUGHAN (M) next summer during the legion convention. Joe doesn't know anything about it as yet, but I know that if he did, he would do all in his power to make our plans a reality. This little plan is being projected by about six or seven fellows, but we would be glad to hear from anyone else who would care to come along.

JIM FOREN is located with State Headquarters of the V. F. W. in Boston, and our old friend DAVE SWEET is working for the Highway Department of the State.

Now, Jimmy, I hope that after reading the above, you will take back those unkind words and feel assured that the old 104th is just as much alive today as it was in 1918.

EDDIE HOLMES (M)

SPRINGFIELD UNIT

GLAD to hear from JAMES ARMESON (M) (M. G. Co.). We have wondered what had become of you. You are right, James, the Springfield Unit does not seem to have much life right now, but I think they will be "there" strong next April in Greenfield.

JOHN W. JOINETTE, (Supply Co.), was in town December 23rd. Has had an operation for frontal sinus, and has been in a number of hospitals. Recently came from Seattle, Washington. He is to enter the Soldiers' Home, Chelsea, Mass. He is having difficulty in completing his claim for compensation. If any of his budies can remember his going to the hospital in Harrieville, please get in touch with him at the Home. I believe Major Blanchard, Chief Surgeon at the Home, was a surgeon in the 104th at Harrieville at the time.

CAPTAIN GEORGE W. HOSMER (K. Co.) states that JAMES HARRINGTON, of the same Company is now a regular fireman in the City of Chicopee. Captain Hosmer said, "Can you imagine 'Butsie' carrying a two hundred pound lady down a ladder?"

STANLEY CHIOSEK (K Co.) has been appointed City Solicitor of the City of Chicopee, Mass. By the way, Chiosek was one of six American soldiers to attend the Peace Conference after the Armistice.

Sergeant THOMAS MCELHONE (K Co.) has been appointed Almoner of the City of Chicopee, Mass. The sergeant was wounded in every sector he entered and carries something like twelve wounds. He was recommended for the D. S. M., received the Croix de Guerre with a division citation. He was also cited by General Pershing. Some boy, Tommie.

Here is to you, Chiosek and McElhone. May you both make good.

Sergeant VICTOR GAGNON (Med. Det.) has a few of the 104th rings made up in gold. They are selling fast at $5.25.

—G. A. R.(M)

SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

Belated Christmas Greetings have been received from Mr. and Mrs. ROYAL S. CORWIN, who are now living in Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa. That is sufficient address: maybe there are no streets there.

AUGUST S. DEVOS (M) has just become a member. His address is 114 Center Ave., McDonald, Pa., and he sends his best regards to the boys. August is the only YD Veteran in his end of Washington County. But he is an active veteran, being on the Board of Trustees in the McDonald Post, V. F. W., and he is serving his second term as Commander of Ernest Phillips Post, No. 485, A.L.

Congratulations to FRANK R. GLYNN, who was presented with a medal at a luncheon and meeting of the Crosscup-Pishon Post, A. L., in the Hotel Bellevue on January 30. Last August "Lefty" saved a girl from drowning in the Piscataquis River and the presentation was made by E. H. Clark of the Massachusetts Humane Society in recognition of this heroic act.

F. L. "PAT" LAUGHRIDGE sends New Year Greetings to all. They (Pat and Mrs. Pat.) are living in Condon, Oregon.

At the January meeting plans were talked over for a picnic party during the summer—naturally. JIM WOODS (M), who so successfully conducts the Christmas Parties, is chairman of the committee. Keep this in mind and make plans accordingly for this will be a family party and we want everybody there!

GEORGE HUDSON (M), has sent in a call for some kind of a big YD suitable to be framed. This YD banner, or whatever it is, is to be hung on the wall of the Roxborough, Pa., V. F. W. George says that now, since COURTER (M), has deserted him he has to fight the 26th Division battles all himself. His worst battles are with the 28th Division fellows.

J. LOUIS COURTER (M) has left Philadelphia and is now in business at Trenton, N. J. The name of his company is the Central Tire Co.

The Seventh Anniversary of Federal recognition of the 26th Signal Company was observed with a banquet at the Signal Company Headquarters, Commonwealth Armory, January 25th. Capt. LEO O'NEIL (M) presided. Major ROLAND CHOATE (Supply Co., 102nd F. A.), Commander of the trick troops, was the speaker of the evening. Commander MCGREGOR (M) and Adj. POULTON (M) of our own Association, spoke about the old outfit and the friendships formed, the love of the old timers for their outfit and their pride in the new one. The 26th Signal Company is now up to peace strength and has a waiting list.

A good, long, newsy letter has lately been received from ROBERT M. "BALDY" WARD, who, with Mrs. Ward and daughter, is living at 1098 Duncan Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn. After a stab at the electrical business, which he didn't like, Baldy went with the Southern Railway and has been there ever since. Baldy weighs 175 pounds. Wouldn't you love to see him? Write to Baldy for he'd be glad to hear from you.

Look in "Congratulations" for two other items of our members.

JIM NOLAN (M) has resigned as purchasing agent of the Hub Cycle & Auto Supply Co., Inc., to take a position as Sales Engineer with the Mershon Division of the Amrad Corporation at Medford Hillside.

His friends in the radio industry are legion, due to his five years of unstinted activity in the affairs of the Hub Cycle Company. Tidings of good luck and success in his new venture accompanied the announcement of Nolan's resignation.

—G. W. T. (M)

102ND M.G. BATTALION

COMPANY A

A Big Year—why not, for ten years ago occurred many of the greatest events in our lives. Seicheprey and Reunion have been hyphenated since the war, and there's every reason why they should be synonymous this year. Saturday evening, April 21st, looks most likely, so no excuses of conflicting dates can be accepted.

HARRY C. RODD, (M) head of the composition department of Ginn & Co., was reelected, in January, President of the Boston Club of Printing House Craftsmen. Jury duty has recently kept Harry from being present "Wednesday at Noon."

We congratulate VINCENT T. DAVIES (M) of 113 Park Ave., Patterson, N. J., on his continued membership in the Y. D. V. A., and contribution to the Memorial Fund. Vint's example should put to shame some of the men who served for the "duration" with the YD.

ERNEST L. HUNNEWELL (M) of Malden, whose business connections were recently outlined in this column, has joined the Club, and BERNARD E. BAGWELL (M) of Belmont, sent in his application during the recent "Drive," but was only recently duplicated. Our "A" will soon rival the Engineers—and why shouldn't we?

ELIOTT ZWICKER, a Captain in the 110th Cavalry, participated in the 1927 National Team Match at Camp Perry. The Massachusetts National Guard Team, of which Bill was a member, tied with the Massachusetts Civilians' Team for twelfth place. Ninety-nine teams participated. Residence in Wakefield apparently has some advantages.

The 110th Cavalry is not the only organization which has attracted men of "A" with military enthusiasm. JOHN KENNY, Commander of "A" 'till February, 1918, and ALBERT G. CLIFFORD, part-time Top at Framingham, were last known to be Troop Commanders in the 158th Machine Gun Squadron, Reserve Corps. The Squadron assembles each July in skeleton form at Fort Ethan Allen.

RALPH F. GEORGE recently appeared among our group at the Chamber of Commerce for luncheon after a long absence. Max has been held strictly to a diet, so exchanged sympathies with ERNIE HUNNEWELL, who recently recovered from a similar malady.

Our representative in Cincinnati, Ohio, THOMAS H. SHEPPARD (M), made a hurried visit to Everett to visit his folks over the holidays—we learned from a Springfield resident, TED HARRIS of the Signal Corps. It's a small world, Tom, so we're sure to know when you neglect us.

—A. C. H. (M)

ENGINEER ENTRIES

CAPERS OF "C"

Tonight, January 21, the buddies of C Company are having their winter get-together upstairs in the big hall, at the YD Club with BILL MUNROE (M) as chairman of the festivities. Bill is winding up his term as chairman of the Governing Board by giving us a live entertainment.

The Company grieves with Bill in the loss of his mother a few weeks ago.

The meeting has opened with taps, played by PERLEY WHITE (M) in memory of our departed brothers, LLOYD L. GOODWIN and JOHN H. CONNELL, who died during the past year. C Company markers have been provided and histories of the regiment are to be sent to their folks.

"LIND" BOND (M) and HOWARD STANLEY, our two bankers, are collecting the dues.

MILMORE (M), WALKER (M) and MCGARVEY (M), the nominating committee, assisted by "POP" WILCOX (M) in an advisory capacity, have nominated HARRY PORTER (M) for Chairman of the Board. Harry has been prevailed upon to accept the honor by a unanimous vote. CARL ZOLLINGER (M) becomes the third member of the Board.

The boys expressed their appreciation to BILL MUNROE (M) for his efficient guidance of the Association during the past year. Bill secured for us the official pictures of the World War, which are shown this evening. The front line pictures are of the 26th Division, therefore most interesting.

There are a few new faces at this reunion, GRANT, CARR, T. J. SMITH (M), Sergeant of the 5th Infantry at Portland, and C. HERRICK who came down from Sanford, Maine.

BILL MUNROE (M) has a letter from PIERCE (M) in Philadelphia. Pierce is still seeking DANNY DEVINE'S address.

The "bunch" number about fifty, a good representation considering the extreme cold weather tonight.

BEN ROWE drove down from Ware. He has a card from BERT DINSMORE somewhere in Mexico. The address is written in Spanish. Ben is going to buy a dictionary in order to read it.

WALLY HILL (M) came on from New York. He is searching the house over for HADLEY who is not able to be here.

ELLIS (M) is here and the boys are glad to see him.

Sorry you are not here, as MARINDIN (M), who came up from Waterbury, Conn., and MAL SMITH (M) with his side-kick, BILL BEATTIE (M) were asking of you.

It is too bad that some of the boys who are within speaking distance of the Club are not here. They would enjoy seeing again their Maine buddies.

HARRY PORTER (M) of Yarmouth, Me., as the new Chairman of the Board for the coming year, promises us a fine time at Old Orchard next June. Everybody should be there.

Harry is going home with GEORGE MORISON to see George's new baby girl. "SID" WHITAKER (M) is taking them home. Sid, already has got the baby insured?

"STAN" MUNSEY came from Kittery, BOOTH (M) and UNDERWOOD (M) from Saco. "Undy" is commander of the A. L. Post in his home town, and is a State inspector of fisheries. He spoke of seeing HATT and ARCHIE LA BRANCHE (M).

FLEISCHNER and RIBERO (M) are present. SWART (M), TYLER and FERGUSON (M) are interested in NORM CARTER'S (M) pictures of France.

The "Singing Trio," EB CLOUGH (M), MITCHELL and JENNEY (M) just breezed in. NORMIE BRYDEN (M) is giving "AL" LYNDELL (M) a ride about a rest detail at Bazoilles. RILEY (M), KELLEHER, MCMAHAN (M), with LARSON and O'HARA are debating about the wrestling bouts at Bazoilles. It would be good to see once again TOM and LEO PARKER (M) on the mat. Perhaps Leo will drop around sometime. NORMAN WRIGHT paged HARRY SMITH (M) during the movies, Harry who has been in Virginia has decided to stay by the Bay State. Our "BILL" HARRIS (M) and his long cigar are right on deck as usual, altho Bill did duck his detail by not reading his secretarial report. LAWRENCE (M), CAHOON and WALDRON (M) are looking the same as ever. It is reported that ROGER BINNER is in the Veterans' Hospital at Helena, Montana. I am sure he would appreciate cards from all of us.

Coffee and doughnuts complete one of the best times we have had and the good night slogan of all is, "See you at Old Orchard next June."

—H. F. H. (M)

DOINGS OF D

GUY MESSENGER is being congratulated by his friends on the birth of a daughter, January 17.

We understand that DICK STUART is now in Worcester, but do not know his address.

ARTHUR BUSWELL (M) is now with the John Hancock Life Insurance Co.

Our old buddy, GILL SINGLETON got tired working for some one else, so with several of his friends, started his own business, wholesale paper.

GEORGE CURTIS (M) is now in London having sailed January 12th. He is also to re-visit France and Belgium. This is his fourth trip across, but we will bet he remembers the passage in 1917 above all the rest.

One of our A. W. O. L. members has at last been located, FRANK WEINER, our expert shoe repairer. Remember Frank in the gas drill at Rolampont, "I'm gassed, I'm gassed."

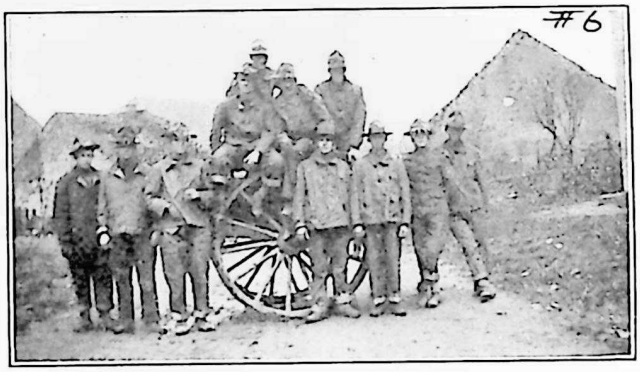
—E. F. W. (M)

FANCIES OF F

A stranger with a familiar face dropped into the Club a few days ago. We were positive he was an F Company man, but couldn't recall his name. He turned out to be DENIS GELINAS. He is still living in Woonsocket, but finding work in his line, carpentry, rather slack there, had taken a trip to Boston to look around for something.

AL DAY (M) was laid up for a few days with an abscess, but was feeling much better at last accounts.

Just received a long letter from PHIL KINGSBURY, whose address is Box 806, Buena Vista Station, Miami, Florida. It seems Phil has a set of 115 photographs which he took while with old F Company, starting with the time we left Boston, and covering the whole period of our overseas service. Don't judge them by the accompanying reprint which suffers from the photo-engraver's screen. The originals are very clear.



The photo which appears here was taken in Rolampont. We are not sure of all of the boys, but our identification is as follows: Standing, left to right; CHARLIE BURNELL, VERN HASLUND (M), FRED BRODHEAD (M), PHIL SANBORN (M), GEORGE BARCLAY (M),?, "STRING" JONES (M). On the tip-cart, left to right; DICK JOHNSON (M), CHARLIE DAVIS(M), AL DAY (M), and PHIL KINGSBURY (M).

We'll let Phil tell his story:

DEAR PHIL:

I have ready the Pictorial History of F Company. They start on board the old "Andania," go to Southampton, Rolampont, Chaumont, Langres, Andelot, Freville, Liffol-le-Grand, Cuffies, Juvigny, Vignot, St. Julien, Torcy, Lucy-le-Bocage, Chateau Thierry, Paris, St. Mihiel, and Verdun.

It has been years since I have been in Boston and I have been out of touch with everyone. I suppose you have clubs organized though. Is there any place where I could send up a sample set which could be placed where the fellows would see it?

Out of 175 negatives I have selected about 115 of the best and have sets in the original size, 1⅝ inches by 2½ inches, also sets of the enlarged size 3¼ inches by 5½ inches. Any number of prints can be secured from any negative.

If there is any way that this can be broadcast to the bunch I would appreciate it.

I went to Cleveland after the war, married, and stayed there 4 years. Came to Miami in 1923, saw the boom come and watched it go; ditto the hurricane. Boy, keep away from hurricanes. We got out of two houses within 15 minutes of each other just as the wind picked them up and carried them away. Lay out in the field from before daylight till late afternoon, dodging houses, trees, etc., and a pleasant time was had by all.

Yours for peace,

—PHIL KINGSBURY

Phil quotes the following prices on the pictures.

Complete set—115 prints—1⅝ x 2½	$5.00
Separate prints of any view	.05
Complete set—80 enlargements—3¼ x 5½	10.00
Separate enlargements of any view	.15

All prints and enlargements gloss finish and guaranteed not to fade.

We have written him that we would be glad to place a set on exhibition here in the Club. Meanwhile, let us hear how many want them.

—P. N. S. (M)

101st MACHINE GUN BATTALION

The annual banquet, election of officers, melee, and general stampede of the 101st Machine Gun Battalion Association was staged at the Oasis Club, opposite the aviation field, East Hartford, Conn., on November 10, 1927. (And whoever named it the Oasis Club was not all wet either.)

The only explanation for not sending in an account of the affair before is that I just found out who was elected: President, WILSON (POP) FALLS (M); Vice-President, EDWARD KENEFICK; Secretary, BENJAMIN BOURN; Treasurer, MARSHALL (CASH) KASHINAN.

This was the largest Armistice Banquet the old outfit has had. Over 100 members were present, by the count of a sober man. A fine chicken dinner was served.

Such celebrities as Mayor Weld of New Britain, Alderman Riddell of Hartford, and other paid-up members were mingled with the voting personnel.

A very fine entertainment was put on by the committee. Actual war movies were shown and they certainly were the berries. "I guess it was a bad war at that," said one of our wagoners.

The customary battalion talent was there. The first was a goose step by NIELSON, RIDDELL and MOHR, followed by an act called "Friendly Enemies," by COSTELLO and RIDDELL, which was a knock-out.

It was a great party and next year we ought to have a still bigger one.

ERNEST C. CLARK (M)
Hartford, Conn., January 5. (101st. M. G. Bn.)

101st FIELD HOSPITAL

A reunion of the old outfit was held on January 23 at Louis Cafe, off Avery St., Boston, at which 32 of our former buddies were present.

The gathering was called to order by our original C. O., Major WILLIAM N. TENNEY, who incidently was elected at our last reunion, Honorary Commander, for life.

The roll of all our departed comrades, 10 in number, was called by EDDIE IMBERGER (M) ex-top kick, BILL TENNEY answering, "Absent" as each name was read.

Without further ceremony, we seated ourselves to a splendid "Steak Dinner," going through from soup to nuts. There seemed to be an inexhaustible supply of the stuff that brings "Good Cheer." All of us had a full share.

Following the Eats, ALECK PHEMISTER, acting as toastmaster, introduced the various speakers, the first of course being our old C. O., BILL TENNEY, who recalled not only some amusing incidents overseas, but also at the Mexican Border, without doubt the best "war" many of us fought. ED IMBERGER (M) followed with remarks pertaining to the activities of the YD Club, initiating a self-imposed campaign to have as many of the buddies sign up as possible, with the able assistance of JIM CHRISTIE (M) who, by the way, has a supply of blanks on hand. Ed also did a little missionary work for the Memorial Fund, passing the plate and thereby helping to substantially increase our share towards the Company quota. Good old "POP" SMITH, formerly Sergt. 1st Cl., next was called upon, and confined his talk to his experiences while in the Philippines, where he held a "2nd Looies" commission in a Regular Infantry outfit.

Following these speakers, the meeting broke up into small groups of three or more, each fighting the war over again as they lived through it in the good old days. The gathering gradually broke up towards morning, each and every one agreeing this year's get-together was the best yet, and promising to stick as one till the final roll-call. We challenge any other "Pill rolling" or "Likker bearing" company to show a better esprit de corps in the old 101st Sanitary Train.

BILL TENNEY is in the Insurance Business at 100 Milk St., Boston, and resides in Auburndale.

"UNCLE" CHESTER P. BROWN (M), ex-Adjutant of the outfit, is now located in Cambridge, where he is practising medicine.

"POP" SMITH is a resident of the Soldiers' Home at Chelsea, where he is still on duty as Sergt. of M. P's. He is present commander of the Spanish War Camp in Revere, and expects to make the National Convention to be held this year at Havana, Cuba. We'll all be with you in "sperrit" Pop, old boy.

JIM CHRISTIE (M) is on the road for the Jenkins Valve Co. on Atlantic Ave., Boston; also has added another member to his family, a daughter.

LOUIE GOEHRING drives a mail truck for Uncle Sam; has a boy and girl now.

FRANK MAHONEY is with the Harvard Engraving Co. on Lincoln St., Boston. He is also studying for the bar, hopes to be admitted this Fall.

TOM SCANLON is operator of one of the Elevated busses in Jamaica Plain.

ERNIE WOODWARD is on the road for the Samuel Ward Manfg. Co., of Boston.

PAUL KACHELE is in much better shape physically now, and is running a paying chicken farm at Randolph, Mass. Good luck, Paul, you deserve it.

PAT PRENDERGAST is located at the Brookline Post Office as a clerk.

"BUDDY" AHERN is married and has a son, Albert Paul.

HAROLD H. BLOOMFIELD (M) is Office Manager of the Ward Baking Co., in Cambridge.

TOM CURRY is a successful taxi operator in Brookline—has five cars.

WALTER M. DRISCOLL, former Mess Sergt., is with Stone & Webster.

GENE FENTON is still "rolling pills" for the leading Lawrence druggist.

BILL HEWITT is now a full fledged attorney with offices in Brookline.

ALBERT HICKEY is one of Boston's leading optometrists, with offices in the Little Building.

LOUIS C. KIMPINSKY is in the painting business and is married.

BOB MCILVEN is still holding down his pre-war job of private chauffeur for Mrs. F. L. Higginson, is married, has three children, and lives on South Huntington Ave., Jamaica Plain.

BILL MORROW is one of "Boston's Finest," attached to Station 12, So. Boston.

"FATHER JOHN" MCNIELLEY has a new recruit, John Robert. This is his second offense.

BILL MURPHY (M) who graduated with highest honors from the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy several years ago, is located in Jamaica Plain, with the C. B. Rogers Co. Bill's still single and intends to keep that way.

JACK O'NEIL, one of our trench fever martyrs, has to keep hustling now as he has three additions to his family. The fever didn't bother him any.

"HUCKLE" PALMER is a "boss" painter doing business in Jamaica Plain. He is married and has a new member in his family, gender unknown to yours truly.

ALECK PHEMISTER is now located at the main office of the Boston Herald, resides in Braintree, is married and has a daughter.

GRANT L. SHANNON runs his own battery and filling station in Chelsea, Mass.

EARL A. THOMPSON is employed by the Exide Battery Service Co., at Allston.

BILLY WADSWORTH is a successful insurance agent, connected with the N. E. Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Boston, is married with one daughter, also is present Commander of the Legion Post at East Milton, Mass.

EDWARD STEPHENSON is in the trucking business and is located at Greenwood, Mass. Says he'll go anywhere a truck can go. Also married.

WILDER E. KELLE holds to record in our outfit for family additions, he having four children now, and he says he's far from licked yet. Lives in Canton.

FRANK YOUNG has honorable mention for long distance in attending this gathering at Louis Cafe, coming up from Providence. He is also a family man, with a daughter to make things interesting for hm.

Of the original membership there are at present six enrolled in the YD Club as resident members, rather a poor showing out of a possible list of 70 buddies. Fill out JIM CHRISTIE'S (M) blanks and you'll find out you will get in return ten times what it originally cost you.

—E. H. I. (M)

DECEASED OFFICERS OF 104th

I have been asked how many officers died during the War. In looking over the roster of all officers who served in the 104th U. S. Infantry during the War, I found the following who died in the service:

Captain WALTON J. DANKER
Captain EDWARD H. PHILLIPS
Captain HALLECK WELL, Jr.
1st Lt. HUGH C. BLANCHARD
1st Lt. CHESTER R. HOWARD
1st Lt. HENRY R. KNIGHT
1st Lt. FREDERICK N. LINTON
1st Lt. BURDETTE R. MADISON
1st Lt. HAROLD L. HEMINGWAY
2nd Lt. WILLIAM M. BRIGHAM
2nd Lt. JOHN A. EWING
2nd Lt. JOHN J. GALVIN
2nd Lt. EUGENE E. RAYNOR
2nd Lt. GARDNER THOMPSON
2nd Lt. HENRY B. SMITH
2nd Lt. FRANK M. WOHLLEB

The following officers have died since the War. If there are any corrections or omissions, will some one please send in the information to the Editor of YANKEE DOINGS.

General GEORGE H. SHELTON
Colonel GARRISON MCCASKEY
Major SYDNEY C. HARDWICK
Major HARRY C. MARTIN
Captain WILLIAM H. BARR
1st Lt. JOHN B. DES VALLES
1st Lt. FRANCIS L. CADY
1st Lt. AUBREY D. KORKUM
1st Lt. ARTHUR M. CURRAN
1st. Lt. DOUGLAS GORDON
2nd Lt. SPENCER J. SEARLES

—G. A. R. (M)

VERMONT FLOOD SUFFERER

Rev. CHAUNCEY A. ADAMS (M) (101st Am. Tr.) writes that he and FRANCIS A. MILLER (A Co., 101st Am. Tr.) were the only two YD men in Waterbury, Vt. whose homes were flooded last November. Miller, in attempting to get back to the home of his parents, was forced to swim part way on Main Street, but it was too much for him and he doubtless would have drowned had he not been pulled into W. L. Perkins' store by a member of that firm.

CONGRATULATIONS

Here and now, we wish to award the fur-lined mess-kit to Mr. and Mrs. TED WILSON (M) (101st F. Sig. Bn.). A card from Ted announces the birth of a son. In a little space at the bottom of the card, reserved for that purpose, the weight of said son upon arrival is listed at 98 pounds. By the time he is twenty-one he ought to be quite a boy.

Lester Murray Ormiston to the amount of 7 lbs., 9 oz. arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. LESTER ORMISTON on November 3, 1927. Lester was a member of the Signal Battalion.

YD POST 290, A. L. AUXILIARY

The installation of the officers of the unit was held at the YD Club in December. The following officers were installed:—President, Mrs. B. F. Murdock; 1st Vice-President, Mrs. John F. Osborn; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. J. Fardie; Secretary, Mrs. A. A. Lyndell; Treasurer, Mrs. E. J. Ferguson; Chaplain, Mrs. C. S. Welsh; Executive Committee, Mrs. J. A. Cresswell, Mrs. E. H. Caswell, Mrs. Powers.

On January 14, a penny sale was held at the home of Mrs. Murdock, 9 Whitman Street, Somerville. Mrs. Charles Welsh was hostess and a large gathering of ladies from the unit and their friends was present.

On January 26, a Whist and Bridge Party was held at the home of Mrs. Norman B. Carter, 28 Windsor Street, Arlington. Many pretty presents were given away and the treasury of the unit was increased materially.

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GEORGE I. ROBINSON, JR., *Treasurer*

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ORLO J. BILL (M)
(26th Div. Hdqtrs.)

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Beautiful, hand-lettered, decorative Certificate of Honorable Service in the 26th Division, size 10 in. x 13 in., lithographed on heavy, parchment paper—suitable for framing.

Every Certificate signed in person by
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See Page 8

Fill out and mail the blank in lower left corner

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TO
SECRETARY, Y.D.V.A.

200 Huntington Ave., Boston

I am enclosing the sum of $2.00 for one 26th Division Certificate of Honorable Service, signed by General Edwards.

Name: .....
(Please Print)

I will call for same:.....
or
Please mail to:.....
.....
(Address)

APRIL 7, 1928

Ninth Annual Convention of the Yankee Division Veterans Association, at 200 Huntington Ave., at 3.00 P.M.

First Annual Banquet at the Elks Hotel, Tremont St., at 6.00 P.M.

PLAN TO BE
PRESENT AT BOTH